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THE END OF MAHDISM: THE DEAD YAKUB AND HIS FOLLOWERS BESIDE THE KHALIFA'S BLACK FLAG.

The finest heroic display in the Dervish ranks was made by the Khalifa's brother, the Emir Yakub, who with his followers gathered in a dense mass round their standard and proudly faced the laden hail. As Yakub expired, several of his wounded bodyguard raised themselves and fired at our men. They were promptly despatched. Slatin Pasha witnessed the death of his old enemy and captor, Yakub, who recognised him.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Sitting in the stalls of the Lyceum on the first night of Mr. Forbes Robertson's production of "Macbeth," I reflected that it takes twenty-three years to domesticate an idea in the playgoing mind. I remembered the night in 1875 when Irving presented Macbeth as the abject slave of a terror-stricken imagination. After the murder of Duncan, he was the image of mental and physical collapse. The voice that cried "Macbeth shall sleep no more!" had cowed every spark of manhood out of him. Old playgoers looked at one another with amazement and wrath. Was this Macbeth the heroic soldier whose prowess is described at the outset of the play? Could this man, whose knees knocked together with fright, have led Duncan's warriors to victory? Such an outrage on a familiar tradition of the stage was not to be endured. Innovators who play tricks with established ideals are always dangerous, especially the innovator who turns a first-class fighting man into a coward, trembling like a leaf when he hears a knock at the door. I believe some indignant citizens left the Lyceum that night with the belief that Irving had insulted the Scottish contingent of the British Army. There was a terrific outcry against him in the papers. He was told that his craven Macbeth was a libel on Shakspeare, and that he ought to be haunted by the ghosts of tragedians of the grand old school, all of them crying, "Irving shall sleep no more!"

Well, I never could understand why Macbeth's prodigies of valour on the battle-field should obscure the plain intention of the dramatist to make him show rank cowardice when he had committed his first murder and when he saw his first ghost. It has usually escaped notice that Macbeth, though a Scotchman, had never heard of ghosts when he began his career of crime. He thought it very mean of Banquo to sit with gory locks at the festive board after his dead body had been left in a ditch. The real pathos of the banquet scene is in Macbeth's complaint of this most unscotsmanlike proceeding. Time was, he says, when gentlemen with their brains out remained in decent seclusion; but now they rise with a most ridiculous ostentation of blood on their polls to thrust us from our stools! Duncan did not condescend to play the ghost in this way; but there was a streak of low cunning in Banquo, or else a misplaced ambition to advance the interests of psychical research. Up to that moment Scotland, I take it, was free from ghosts, if we are to accept Macbeth's surprise, when he first caught sight of one, as valid testimony. Who can wonder, then, at his sense of injury, his mingled exasperation and fright, when he finds himself the first Scotchman to be singled out by this most unpleasant phenomenon? Nowadays, when ghosts are common, a sudden apparition in a chair at a dinner-party would prompt the host to exclaim, "Pardon me! I am not Mr. Lang. Try St. Andrews, N.B." But Shakspeare wanted to show the moral effect upon a simple-minded evildoer of his first ghost, and, moreover, of the first ghost that had been seen in Scotland. When you consider that this psychological experience was also a great historic precedent, you cannot marvel that Macbeth lost the nerve which had enabled him to confront the rugged Russian bear.

After twenty-three years behold another Macbeth at the Lyceum, who presents the character precisely on the lines of his predecessor. There is just as much of the soldier in Forbes Robertson as there was in Irving and as there is in Shakspeare. There is not the same quality of imagination in the younger Macbeth as in the elder; but the conception which caused such a storm in 1875 is faithfully reproduced in 1898, and nobody wags a finger. We may regard it as settled now that Macbeth, when the superstitious fit was on him, gave way to the most pusillanimous alarms. If he were a contemporary of Mr. Stead's, he might have relations with beings of the other world, and tranquilly write a book about them. But as the first ghost-seer of his country and period (though I expect somebody will dispute his claim on this score, and reproach Shakspeare with historical inaccuracy) he was nearly frightened to death. Upon the actor's power to convey this sense of the uncanny to his audience must largely depend the success of any true impersonation of Macbeth. Are we too sophisticated now for this sensation? A well-known French critic will have it that humorous enjoyment is predominant in the playhouse, whether the theme be tragedy or comedy. Miseries on the stage amuse us, as a broken nose used to amuse the patrons of the prize ring, and as Spanish ladies are amused when horses are gored in a bull-fight. According to this theory, the habitual playgoer ought to be greatly entertained by Macbeth's terrors, and must perceive exquisite humour in the spectacle of Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, with that remorseful action of washing her hands. Perhaps he ought to laugh when she says, "Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?" When you think that she is making this confession in her sleep, in the presence of her doctor and her gentlewoman, it must strike you as a comic predicament if you agree with M. Faguet. Personally, I don't see the fun; but then I am not a philosopher who reasons that, as the drama is a

form of amusement for which the public pays its money, the tragic and the comic must be fundamentally the same.

There used to be a fantastic theorist who argued that the drama was evil because it excited emotions which had no outlet in action. You see a crime in the first act, and you have to wait about three hours before the criminal is arrested; whereas, if you saw a murder in the street, you might seize the assassin at once, or have the satisfaction, at any rate, of joining in the chase. In the theatre you have to sit still instead of bounding on the stage; you have not even the relief of crying "Lynch him!" for that would expose you to ridicule. Moreover, when your emotion subsides, you have to reflect that the whole thing is unreal, and that you have excited yourself to no purpose, except that of enriching the box-office, and helping a player to earn a handsome salary by pretending to be heroic or unscrupulous. When you resume your daily business, you are not a jot more capable of stock-jobbing, or conveyancing, or governing the country than you were before you went to the play. So the fantastic theorist drew the triumphant conclusion that the theatre was useless and mischievous in any well-ordered State. I don't remember that anybody thought it worth while to confute him. I am a bit of a fantastic theorist myself (a *fantaisist*, if I may coin such a word), and I should be very much astonished if anybody rose up and solemnly confuted me. We theorists sit mute in the stalls while the player is earning his handsome salary; and then we go away and earn our own (which is not so handsome), usually without acknowledging any obligation to him. If you meet a theorist in the corridor after the first act you will notice that he has a fantasy burning in each eye—probably ignited at the footlights before the play began. There is no place like the theatre for riotous fancy. I could not see Macbeth's Witches making that pleasing mixture in the cauldron without thinking of an appropriate emendation of the text—

MACBETH: How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags, what is't ye do?

WITCHES: Brewing the hot weather!

Yes, one of the ingredients in the cauldron was the thermometer! This is quite as reasonable as the proposition that the theatre ought to be shut up because it generates futile emotion, or that we go to the play to gratify the instinct of cynical brutality.

There are many things in the candid Busch's reminiscences that ought to endear Bismarck to the English people. He called them "swine"; he said they kept their colonies to provide sinecures for their governing classes; he accused Gladstone of plotting a Republic; he pursued the Queen and the Empress Frederick with truculent hatred. His ideas of English history and English policy surpass the most humorous specimens of schoolboy ignorance. But there is a certain magnificence in the complacency with which he shines in Busch's pages. He was quite willing the world should know that no trick was too base for him—that he never shrank from hiring reptiles to spit venom at women, especially Englishwomen. In a sense, he reminds one of Esterhazy, who is said to be honouring London by dwelling among us. Esterhazy proudly compares himself to the old mercenary soldiers who did any criminal act at the bidding of their employers. What a pity these two great men had no dealings with each other—Bismarck the master and Esterhazy the faithful servant! But a combination like that is too good for our fastidious century. It would have made a gem of the Italian Renaissance.

Agreeable ideas about our manners and customs will always linger in the Continental mind. Nothing can shake the French tradition of the Englishman's personal appearance. A lively writer in the *Figaro* has been describing the British visitors who go about Paris with guides. You might imagine that he had carefully observed them. Well, the observation amounts to this: every Englishman has whiskers, and every Englishwoman a prodigious nose, a receding chin, a neck like a stork's, and a chignon. This description, needless to say, is borrowed from French caricatures as old as Gavarni. We have our ancient caricatures of Frenchmen. Leech could never be persuaded that a foreigner ever washed. He drew two Parisians at the Crystal Palace in 1851. They are looking at hand-basins, and one asks the other for what use these strange articles are designed. We don't make that delicate jest now; but the French cannot give up the Englishwoman's prodigious nose and stork-like neck. When Britannia figures in *Charivari*, it is always with these gracious appurtenances. It is hard for the caricaturist to discard a familiar lay figure; but the writer in the *Figaro*, if he only knew it, would be vastly more amusing at the expense of British tourists were he to employ the eyes which are presumably in his head.

There is a sad lack of versatility in the Parisian *chroniqueur*, with the conspicuous exception of M. Alfred Capus. He reported the other day the delightful saying of the market-woman who, when asked to explain the small supply of game in Paris, replied that the sportsmen must have been overcome by the heat. M. Capus suggested that the game might be showing an imitative interest in the population problem of France. Possibly; but suppose every peasant had been bribed by the Dreyfus "syndicate" to keep up prices?

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, with the Princesses, was joined on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 15, by the Prince of Wales and his daughter Princess Victoria from Osborne, and on Monday by the Duke and Duchess of York, who arrived in England on Friday evening from Copenhagen. The Prince of Wales, though still lame, is gradually recovering the use of his injured knee. The Duke of York on Saturday, and the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward, representing the Queen, attended, with the Duchess of York, a funeral service for the late Empress of Austria at the Roman Catholic Church in Farm Street, Berkeley Square, where the Prince and Princess of Wales were represented by Lord Sheffield. The Right Hon. G. N. Curzon, the newly appointed Viceroy of India, is at Balmoral on a visit to the Queen. The Empress Frederick of Germany is expected at Balmoral next week. The Princess of Wales has remained at Copenhagen with her mother, the Queen of Denmark.

The Duke of Connaught, with President Faure, returned to Paris on Friday from Moulins, after viewing the French military manoeuvres, and next day inspected the buildings of the future Paris Exhibition. The Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred upon his Royal Highness.

On Wednesday of last week a dastardly attempt was made at Wimbome to wreck the London and South Western midnight mail. An iron chair had been firmly wedged to the rails in such a way that no engine could have cleared it with safety. The guard observed the obstacle before starting the train, and a disaster was fortunately averted.

The distressing scarcity of water in the districts served by the East London Water Company is partly relieved, since last Sunday morning, by the works for drawing a supply from the Nunhead reservoirs of the Southwark and Vauxhall Company. This is effected by laying a twenty-inch pipe thence for two miles, passing through the Thames Tunnel and into the City.

Traffic on the North Metropolitan Tramways, now worked under a lease from the London County Council, has been somewhat interrupted, on the Hampstead and other lines, by a strike of the horsekeepers, on account of the dismissal of a few of them, with whom the drivers and conductors have made common cause. The dispute is complicated by a stipulation of the lease from the County Council, promising that no men should be dismissed for belonging to Trades Unions.

Two young men from Burnley, T. Harrison and J. Vivian, holiday visitors to the Isle of Man, had a fearful adventure on the sea last week, and endured great suffering. They went out in a small rowing-boat from Douglas on Tuesday afternoon, were caught by a strong current, and being unable to get to shore, were carried northward almost to the Mull of Galloway. On Friday morning they were picked up by a Belfast steamer, having passed nearly three days and nights on the open sea, without food or water to drink, in a boat leaking terribly; but they have recovered from the ill effects.

At Bradford on Monday a car on the electric railway, constructed by the Corporation, ran off the line, and, breaking through a wall, fell down to lower ground. Fifteen people were seriously injured, and one killed.

Several large fires, in the past week, have taken place in London and in provincial towns. The premises of Messrs. Aspinall, enamel-manufacturers, at New Cross, were destroyed on Saturday; and McDougall's flour-mill, with two warehouses, at Millwall Docks, on Monday. The falling of a concrete floor in a new building at Glasgow killed five workmen, besides causing severe injury to others.

At the Central Criminal Court on Monday two late officers of the *Britannic*, one of the Atlantic mail steamships of the White Star Line—namely, J. W. Jago, who had been chief mate, and J. Kynaston, third mate, were sentenced, the former to penal servitude, the latter to imprisonment, for stealing letters from the mail-bags.

The President of the French Republic held a Council of Ministers at the Elysée Palace on Sunday, and adopted the decision to refer the Dreyfus case to a Revision Committee of the Ministry of Justice for the purpose of obtaining a new trial by the appeal jurisdiction of the Court of Cassation. General Zurlinden, who opposed the new trial, immediately resigned the Ministry of War, and is succeeded by General Chanoiné. The Minister of Commerce, M. Tillaye, has also resigned office. Major Esterhazy is said to be in London.

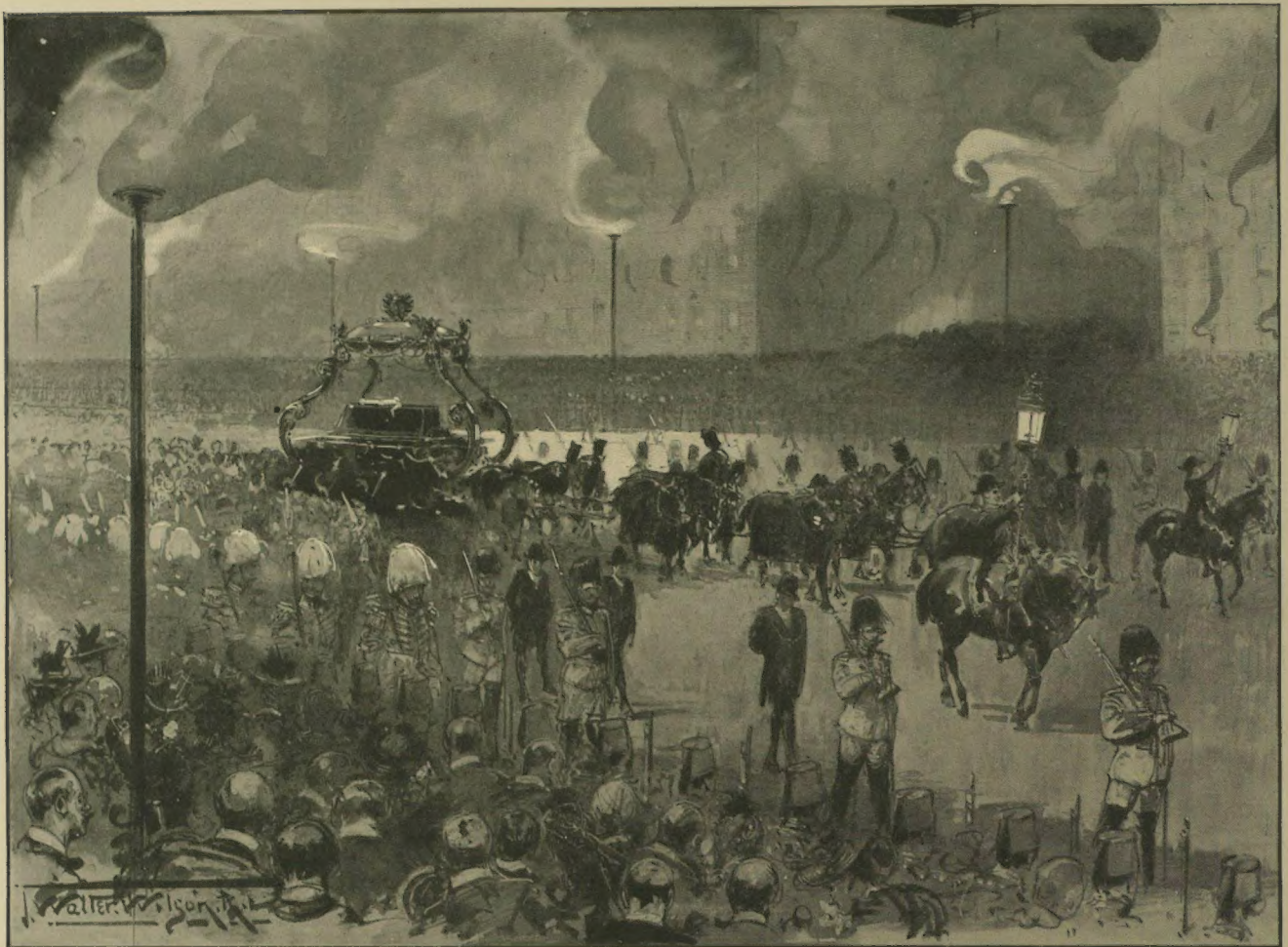
The completion of the new Calais Docks, constructed by the French Government at a cost of three millions sterling, with accommodation for the largest merchant-ships, having a depth of 29 ft. at high water of neap tide, and with a convenient dry dock, was celebrated on Saturday by the Calais Chamber of Commerce entertaining two hundred English visitors, shipowners, underwriters, and merchants and directors or managers of the South-Eastern and London, Chatham, and Dover Railways.

The Spanish Cortes at Madrid suspended its sittings on Sept. 14, after passing the vote for the confirmation of the terms of the Treaty of Peace with America, with the cession of Cuba and other West Indian islands and the Philippines, for which a royal decree was signed by the Queen-Regent on Saturday, and Commissioners were appointed for the negotiations in Paris. The American Commissioners left New York for Europe on the same day. There is little further news from Cuba or Puerto Rico; but in the Philippines, where it is believed that the United States Government intend to demand entire control of the island of Luzon and the port and city of Manila, a gathering of the native insurgents, called a National Assembly, headed by their leader, Aguinaldo, met on Friday to assert their political independence. They have withdrawn, however, from the suburbs of the city.

The southern provinces of Spain, especially around Seville and in Granada, have been visited by a hurricane, which destroyed hundreds of houses, and caused much loss of life.

A coming event which casts a great shadow before it, but which the Teetotal party of Canada believe will leave a track of light behind, is the plebiscite about Prohibition.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.



THE PROCESSION BY TORCHLIGHT AT VIENNA.



THE LYING-IN-STATE AT GENEVA.

Photo J. Lacroix, Geneva.



ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE, "A" COMPANY.

SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS, "II" COMPANY.

OUR SUCCESS IN THE SOUDAN.—THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN: 6.30 A.M.

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN R. DYAS, ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.

This View was taken from a point two hundred yards to the right of the centre of the British Division.



THE CORONATION OF QUEEN WILHELMINA.—CONCOURS HIPPIQUE AT THE HAGUE: OLD DUTCH CARRIAGES AWAITING THE MOMENT TO START.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. W. L. Bruckman.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.

The following notes of the great engagement have been forwarded by an eye-witness: On Sept. 2, at 3.30 a.m., the troops stood to their arms. At dawn the cavalry went forward to reconnoitre. Meanwhile the infantry made gaps in zereba, ready for the advance. At 6.10 a.m. arose a distant shouting from an immense line of men, still out of sight. Very soon they came over the ridge to right of Jebel Surgham in lines and masses, yelling and singing, and with tall flags waving. At 6.15 a.m. the first shell was fired from 32nd Field Battery on British left. It burst near the Khalifa's black flag, and was greeted with a howl of rage and defiance. A patch of motionless white dots marked its effect. Still no sign of an enemy to the left of the hill, until first the yells and then the rush of a great horde over the ridge showed that their line extended up to the very banks of the Nile. Their rapid advance was checked by the bursting shrapnel. They paused and got into the hollows of the great plain, and could be seen carrying off dead and wounded on camels and horses. Then their bullets began to drop among us; a stick in the zereba would crack, a little spurt of sand spring from the ground, or a stretcher would be brought up rapidly and quietly to take a wounded man to the rear. Our infantry were now ordered to fire long-range volleys. Companies were firing as steadily as on parade. Ammunition-boxes were brought up, and the carriers kept their comrades' pouches full. As the patched Jibbas came nearer, section commanders shortened their ranges and the men lowered their sights. Under the British shrapnel and volleys, the Dervish force to the left of Jebel Surgham appeared to melt away, a portion crossing our front along the hollows at the foot of the hill and making for our right, leaving a track strewn with their dead.

By eight o'clock our road to Omdurman seemed clear, and we advanced by echelon of brigades from the left—Second British Brigade, First British, Second Egyptian, Third and First; the Fourth in reserve. At the foot of Jebel Surgham the First British wheeled to the right and marched north-west to the support of the Third and First Egyptian, who were hotly engaged, and also advancing north-west towards the hill of Um Matragan, having previously wheeled out of the echelon to their right. The Second British and Second Egyptian Brigades and 32nd Field Battery held on their way to Omdurman. As we passed Jebel Surgham we saw the Soudanese of the Second Brigade dashing up the steep hillside where a knot of desperate fanatics stood out clear against the sky, fighting to the last. Hero Osman Azrak was killed. Our march was over the ground where our fire had fallen, and the dead bore silent witness to its accuracy. As we continued to move north-west we came on those killed by the Egyptian Brigade—hideously shattered bodies—wounded horses standing patiently till a merciful revolver-bullet should put them out of their pain—here and there a man still living. The battle was over on this side at eleven.

With this Number we give an important picture representing the gallant charge of the 21st Lancers during the engagement.

THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

Geneva paid sympathetic homage to the dead Empress by a civic procession, which filed past the Hôtel Beau-Rivage, where the remains lay in state prior to their removal to the Austrian capital. On the evening of Thursday, Sept. 15, the body arrived at Vienna, and was conveyed to the Hofburg. At half-past ten the Emperor, with his daughters Gisela and Valerie and his two sons-in-law, went down to the grand staircase and received the body, which was immediately borne into the chapel. When the coffin had been placed upon the bier a brief service was held. At the close the Emperor kissed the coffin and withdrew to Schönbrunn.

On Friday the chapel was thrown open for the public lying-in-state. The building was draped entirely in black.

On a catafalque in the centre, under a canopy of black velvet, the coffin was placed. Around it burned three rows of tapers in silver sconces; on each side were posted the Austrian and Hungarian Guards, the former with drawn swords, the latter with halberds. On footstools at the head of the coffin were the crowns of an Empress, of a Queen, of an Archduchess, and of a Princess. On a cushion lay a black fan and a pair of white gloves. As early as five o'clock in the morning mourners began to arrive, and the troops soon had to regulate vast crowds. Wreaths were deposited on the bier in great numbers by distinguished personages, and before eight o'clock two hundred had been laid down. At that hour Mass was said, and the general public was admitted. All day citizens and peasants, many from a great distance, filed through the chapel, and at five o'clock, when the doors were closed, thousands turned disappointed away.

On Saturday the final ceremonies were performed in the Capuchin Church, the ancestral burial-place of the House of Hapsburg. All Vienna was in mourning, but not many of the citizens could view the procession, as the route from the Imperial Palace to the church is something short of a quarter of a mile. Every available view-point was accordingly occupied almost from the dawn. The scene before four o'clock in the Neuer Markt, the square opposite the Capuchin Church, was picturesque in the extreme, and such as only Vienna could produce. The officers of the army and navy were grouped with Hungarian

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AT LYTHAM.

On Sept. 17 the Duke of Norfolk visited Lytham and opened the new wing of the Institute which is the local memorial of the Queen's sixty years' reign. The Institute, which focuses the literary and social as well as the recreative interests of the town, is an establishment of some standing, and was founded largely by the generosity of the Clifton family. By a public vote it was decided to spend £1500 on extending the buildings so as to accommodate 200 new members. In his speech the Duke alluded to the necessity of increasing our facilities for study and improvement in handicrafts, and complimented Lytham for its wisdom in making its loyal memorial take the form of an extension of that old friend of the community, the Institute.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

The proceedings in Holland connected with the enthronement of the young Queen Wilhelmina have terminated this week. On Sept. 15 her Majesty, accompanied by her mother, Queen Emma, held a naval review of twenty-two vessels in the "Hollandsch Diep," the strait which separates South Holland from Dutch Brabant and Zeeland, extending inland from Willemstad to Moerdijk, near Dordrecht. This week, on Tuesday, the States-General, or Parliament, at the Hague assembled to greet her Majesty, who delivered her speech at the opening of their Session. Next day there

was a military review, and on Thursday a concluding festival in the field of Klingendaal. Among the rejoicings at the Hague was a "Concours Hippique," an interesting feature of which was a procession of old Dutch carriages. Our Artist has shown these awaiting the moment to start.

Apocryph of Queen Wilhelmina, it is well to render honour to whom honour is due. The Coronation manifesto issued by the Queen of Holland to her subjects was alluded to in a leading London paper as "doing honour to her constitutional advisers." The young Queen is new enough at the trade of author and of sovereign to be careful to claim her own laurels, and she is anxious that Englishmen and all the world besides should know that by her, and by her only, was every line of the creditable document composed and written.

The Duke of Orleans has issued a manifesto which has received a frigid reception from his countrymen. He wishes to be thought a patriot, but the

Pretender lurks in every line of his appeal to France. There is "an odious plot," he says, against the army, and this "plot" is encouraged by the French Government, who have taken the first step towards the revision of the Dreyfus case. The Duke of Orleans would like the indignant army to rise, put himself at its head, and overthrow the Republic. The trick is a little too transparent.

St. James's Street is said to have been honoured by the presence of Major Esterhazy. The Major is not the man he was, but a haggard, bowed, prematurely aged being who has shaved off his fierce moustache. This sacrificial act might be regarded as a token of repentance if it were not vigorously denied by the Major's friends in Paris that he has fled from France in order to make "revelations" in peace and security. One report represents him to have declared that there are six hundred forged documents in the Dreyfus dossier. There may be; but nobody is likely to accept Esterhazy as an impartial witness to other people's forgeries. He has not left London, we hope, without giving a sitting for his portrait-model in wax at Madame Tussaud's, where he ought to be one of the most noteworthy ornaments of the criminal department.

Mr. Herbert Pike Pease, who has been elected to represent Darlington in the Unionist interest, succeeds his father, the late Mr. Arthur Pease. He was born in 1867, and was Mr. Arthur Pease's second son. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. On finishing his University career he entered the Normanby Ironworks, belonging to his father. For some years he has been acting as managing partner of that business. Mr. Pease was married four years ago to Miss Alice Mortimer Luckock, second daughter of the Dean of Lichfield.



Photo Hodges, Lytham.

OPENING OF THE NEW WING OF THE LYTHAM INSTITUTE BY THE DUKE OF NORFOLK ON SEPTEMBER 17.

and Polish noblemen in the costume of the Middle Ages, and with Orientally clad Mohammedans from Bosnia.

At four o'clock, to the tolling of bells and the roll of muffled drums, the procession started. The lamps along the route were all lighted. A long line of monks and the civic officials headed the procession, a squadron of cavalry and the officials of the late Empress's household followed, and the hearse used only at the burial of an Emperor or Empress came next. Further military display closed the cortege. The Emperor proceeded to the church by a private way, and was supported by the Emperor William, and the sovereigns of Saxony, Roumania, and Servia. After the service, throughout which he maintained a remarkable composure, broken only at the last, Francis Joseph left the church leaning on the arm of the Emperor William.

THE DISASTER IN THE WEST INDIES.

On Sunday, Sept. 11, a great disaster befell our colonies of Barbadoes, St. Vincent, and Santa Lucia, in the Windward Islands of the British West Indies, by a tremendous hurricane, destroying great part of Bridgetown and Kingstown, and devastating the plantations all over those islands. Nearly a hundred people were killed, and thousands of dwellings, huts, or cottages were made uninhabitable, leaving the negro population destitute, without food or shelter, to the number of about 100,000 in all. The Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House has opened a Relief Fund subscription, which now amounts to about £3000. A relief fund has also been opened at Kingstown, and her Majesty's cruiser *Pearl* has proceeded to St. Vincent to take measures for the alleviation of the widespread distress. The Queen has sent a message of compassion.

PERSONAL.

Mr. George Wyndham disclaims all knowledge of his appointment as successor to Mr. George Curzon at the Foreign Office. It is generally believed, however, that he will presently find himself Lord Salisbury's Under-Secretary. Mr. Wyndham is member for Dover, but his new appointment will not compel him to seek re-election, as, technically, his new office is not a place of preferment under the Crown. In his early official days, Mr. Curzon once described himself as a Minister of the Crown in the House of Commons. This excited the Opposition to facetious murmurs, whereupon Mr. Curzon, turning to Mr. Balfour, asked in a voice quite audible to the House—"Am I not a Minister of the Crown?" Mr. Balfour's reply is not recorded.

The late Sir William Gray, who died at Hartlepool on Sept. 12, was well known in the North as a shipbuilder, engineer, and proprietor of rolling mills. He was born at Blyth in 1823, and educated at Newcastle. He entered business life and served his apprenticeship to his father, who was a draper and ship-owner in Hartlepool, where, in 1843, he started on his own account as a draper. He retired from that business in 1861, and began to build iron ships at Middleton, five years later taking over the yards of Pile, Spence, and Co., at West Hartlepool. There he developed his present great business. A Unionist in politics, he once stood for the Hartlepool boroughs, but was unsuccessful. In 1890 he was knighted and made High Sheriff of Durham. Though Sir William Gray was a Presbyterian, his benefactions, which were many, extended to other denominations.

The Earl of Desart, who has just died, must not be confused with the Earl of Dysart, who represents an English family with a Scotch title. Lord Desart (William Ulick O'Connor Cuffe) was an Irish peer, born in 1845. He was an indefatigable novelist, who never attained any considerable rank, but wrote facile sketches of "Society."

The late Mr. William Chatterton Dix, who has died at Cheddar, Somerset, at the age of sixty-one years, was the author of three of the most popular hymns in modern collections. His knowledge of select poetry was very considerable. When he was quite young, he began to exercise his gift for hymn composition. The most familiar of his hymns is that commencing "As with gladness men of old"; it is sung usually to a tune by Koehler, named by the composer "Dix," out of compliment to the writer. From Mr. Dix's pen also came the hymns "Come unto Me, ye weary," and "To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise." Mr. Dix was a contributor to various periodicals. Last year he was presented with a handsome testimonial, subscribed for by a large number of admirers.

Dr. George Roper, who died at Southwold on Aug. 14, was a physician of considerable eminence. He was born at Colby, Norfolk, where his family had lived for about three hundred years, on Aug. 15, 1823. He received his medical education at Guy's Hospital, and in 1847 became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England and a Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Society. He acquired a good reputation, particularly as an obstetrician. In 1873 he took the M.D. degree at Aberdeen, and became a member of the Royal College of Physicians of London in 1874. He settled in Finsbury Circus, and was elected Physician to the Royal Maternity Charity for the Eastern Division, an office which he held for seven years. After his retirement in 1881 as Physician, he remained Consulting-Physician to the charity until his death. He was also Physician to the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Road, a Vice-President of the Obstetrical Society of London, of the Hunterian Society, and various other learned bodies.

Dr. Roper was an ardent lover of sport of all kinds—shooting, racing, hunting, coursing, and salmon-fishing.

A popular American preacher has passed away in the Rev. John Hall, D.D. Dr. Hall was born at Armagh in July 1829, and at the age of thirteen entered Belfast College. He received his license as a preacher in 1849, and went as a missionary to the West of Ireland. Three years later he became minister of a Presbyterian church in Armagh. In 1858 he was appointed Pastor of St. Mary's, Dublin. He visited the United States in 1867, and was a delegate to the Presbyterian churches. There he made so favourable an impression that he shortly afterwards received a call to the Fifth Avenue Church, New York. He was installed in November 1867, and for many years was minister of what is understood to be the wealthiest congregation in the United States. Popular as a preacher, Dr. Hall was even as popular as a writer, and found a wide audience on both sides of the Atlantic. His published

though the Colonial Office dreaded his originality and independence. The story is still told, though disputed, that he saved Lucknow in the Indian Mutiny by ordering some transports bound for China and calling at the Cape to proceed to Calcutta. In New Zealand he was a Democrat of the Democrats, on the principle that the Colonial institutions needed a more popular inspiration than the institutions of an old and settled country. In 1867 Sir George Grey's independent attitude led to his recall. He returned to New Zealand and became Prime Minister of the colony. His greatest service to the Empire was his vigorous championship of the bond between England and her Colonies at a time when the Colonies were thought somewhat cumbersome by many politicians at home.

The Hon. C. Coventry, who has been appointed to the 2nd West African Frontier Force, was, it will be remembered, one of the officers who took part in the Jameson Raid. He sailed from Liverpool on Sept. 17, on board the *Compassie*, and intends to proceed first to Akassa, and thence to Jebba, the headquarters of the regiment. Captain Coventry's destination is not, as has been supposed, in the territory of the Niger Company, but in that of the Niger Coast Protectorate. He does not go on any special mission, although several misstatements to that effect have gained currency. On account of conflicting rumours, Captain Coventry was interviewed by a *Reuter's* correspondent. His work will be the training and recruiting of native troops.

The late Mr. Jeremiah James Colman, who died at Lowestoft on Sept. 18, was the head of the well-known firm of manufacturers. Mr. Colman was born in 1830, and was the only son of Mr. James Colman, of Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich. In 1862 he entered public life as Sheriff of Norwich. In 1867-68 he was Mayor. He afterwards sought Parliamentary honours, and was elected in 1871 as Liberal member for Norwich, which he represented until his retirement in 1895. He was an enthusiastic Gladstonian. A baronetcy was offered to him, but he declined the honour. As regards religious opinion, Mr. Colman was a Nonconformist. He was also a generous supporter of all philanthropic movements. Agriculture interested him, and he was a noted breeder of stock, obtaining many prizes at the Smithfield shows and elsewhere.

President McKinley has won no little credit from the late war, but he seems to be in danger of losing it now that the American people understand the gross mismanagement of the War Department. At this moment the troops who have returned from Cuba are wanting food, and the

supply of medicine for the sick is scandalously inadequate. We had an unpleasant record of official negligence and incapacity in the Crimea, but it is not quite so bad as the record of Mr. Secretary Alger. This administrator has now, owing to pressure of public opinion, placed his resignation in the President's hands. He has not, however, requested its acceptance. He declares that he wishes every bit of the truth to be made public.

Whatever may happen to Major Marchand at Fashoda, Englishmen should be the first to admit his pluck and tenacity. As an explorer he takes rank with Stanley, and no higher praise can be given. It is not sufficiently understood in Paris, however, what Major Marchand owes to Sir Herbert Kitchener. He owes his life. Imagine what would have happened if the Khalifa had triumphed at Omdurman. His victorious Dervishes, hearing that more white men had arrived at Fashoda, would have swooped down upon Major Marchand's little force and annihilated it. So the Marchand Expedition exists to-day by virtue of the prowess of the British arms; a fact our neighbours should digest with humility.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P.

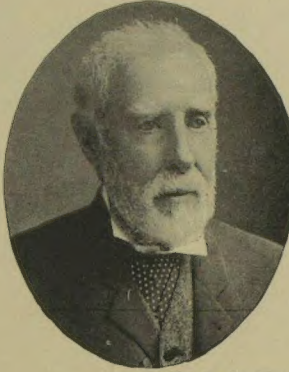


Photo Russell and Sons.
THE LATE SIR GEORGE GREY.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE HON. CHARLES COVENTRY.

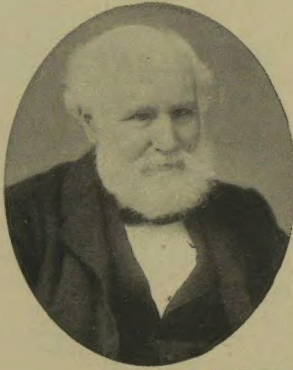


Photo Gamble, West Hartlepool.
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM GRAY.



Photo Chanceller, Dublin.
THE LATE REV. DR. HALL.



Photo Russell and Sons.
THE LATE MR. J. J. COLMAN.



Photo Bassano.
THE LATE LORD DESART.

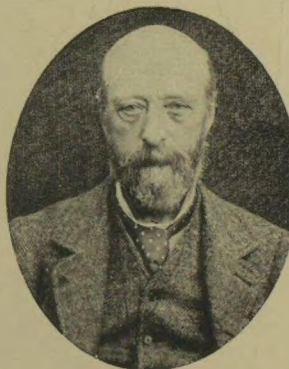


Photo Bassano.
THE LATE DR. GEORGE ROOPER.



Photo Lindon Holt, Clifton.
THE LATE MR. W. CHATTERTON DIX.

works consisted chiefly of discourses and sermons; devotional works and discussions on questions of the day. His remains are being taken to America for burial.

By the death of Sir George Grey England loses one of her greatest Colonial administrators. Born in Lisbon in 1812, the son of an English officer who fell in the Peninsular War, he began active life by exploring in Australia. He was a soldier, like his father, and at the age of twenty-eight he was made Governor of South Australia by Lord John Russell. Very soon he showed himself a man with ideas beyond the average intelligence of the Colonial Office, and of a most determined spirit. He was one of the first to perceive the importance of the Australian Colonies to the struggling classes in Great Britain, whose real hope in the world lay in emigration. He had a firm belief in attaching the colonist to the land, and in the direct cultivation of its resources, and he was distrustful of the company-promoter. We have travelled a good way from Sir George Grey's ideals, but no student of Colonial history can forget the debt we owe him. He was as successful in South Africa and New Zealand as in South Australia,

THE WAYS OF THE FERN-OWL.

BY A SON OF THE MARSHES.

Some of the most extraordinary positions and movements for the purposes of self-preservation are those used by the fern-owls, or, as they are usually called, eve-jars, because they begin their jarring, spinning-wheel song at eventide. Half-an-hour's walk from home places me on one of the favourite hunting-grounds where they hatch out and feed their young. It is one of the numerous sandstone hills dotted over with fine oaks and Scotch firs, the turf being of that fine green short nature, so different from grazing grass; and cool ferns grow here in luxuriant beds, not scattered all about, but just where the moister dips and hollows suit

woodcock. I have found that the barest of all bare places are chosen by this bird to deposit her eggs on. For instance, in a patch of chalk no larger than the palm of your hand, where some horse or cow has slipped in wet weather, paring the thin layer of turf off with its hoof, or a bare spot where some wanderer has slung his camp-kettle, leaving the grey ashes and the half-charred twigs behind him, and where sheep have scraped the turf off with their sharp hoofs when stamping and striking the turf with their fore-feet at the sight of a strange dog. Such are the spots chosen. Taking into consideration the numbers that visit the southern counties of England, more particularly the fir and heather districts, the number of eggs and young taken are very small indeed. When I was young there was a reason for this, in places where they were numerous,

be, but the bird and her eggs are not in the usual place or under the same circumstances; the young birds are also shifted. It is interesting to note the manner in which the parent bird gets its two young ones from the ground on to the low boughs of one of the numerous oaks that in places sweep down and up again, within a few feet of the ground, just above your head in some places. The young birds when they begin to flutter with their wings are shifted by easy stages, evening after evening, through the ferns until they are at last under one of the low boughs; then from the ferns they are shifted to the bough one at a time. They are made to understand that they must fly up from the ferns and drop on that bough. Up flirts the youngster, and the old birds rise with him, bearing him up until they have got the gaper on the bough. In fact they have fairly



AFRICA, AS DEFINED BY THE MOST RECENT TREATIES.

them. Here we can sit all through a summer's night watching the night swallows and listening to the cries of swimmers and waders which rise from the lake below. Natural cracks and rifts are seen, overhung by furze-bushes and stone littered below. Over and about these places the birds are continually flitting, shortly after their arrival in May. White sand, with the upper crust of the dark leaf-mould from above, has trickled down to the bottom of the rifts and cracks; bits of twig, dead ferns, and tufts of dried moss are all mixed and littered up with rough, broken chunks of stone of all shades of colouring—grey, sienna, and Vandyke brown—a few bunches of coarse grasses are scattered about just where there is something to grow in. Here the eggs are deposited on the bare earth and the young are hatched out. It is all very well to state that the fern-owl is strictly crepuscular, and that he is dazed by the light of day. I have seen the birds stretched out in the hot sunshine, looking like anything but birds, fast asleep, hovering their eggs. When put up they were off like a

such as the fir and heather districts. This innocent benefactor to man was there called the "puckridge," and he was considered by the dwellers there as "most menjous venomous, fur it hez a little hooked claw in its wing like a Billy bat, an' if it hit ye with it ye'd waste away an' die. Ther waun't no cure, fur it was pintoed out in the herb-books, what the planets ruled."

One thing I can vouch for: the boys that went birds'-nesting would not touch either the birds or their eggs when they met with them. Even had they been inclined to meddle, they had orders from their parents "not to touch 'em or git near 'em, or they'd hev 'ash ile rubbed in 'em." This application being of a very powerful nature, the youngsters did not require to be told twice of it. When I wanted one to paint its portrait it was some time before I could get one; I had to explain a lot away before the bird was placed in my hand.

The fern-owl will, if unduly disturbed, pick her eggs up and place them elsewhere; only a few yards away it may

hustled him up there with their wings, and there they will remain for a time until their flight feathers are strong. For several evenings, if these should be warm and light, you may see the old birds dashing over the ferns and then down to the bough.

So quickly are the young ones fed that, if it were not for the flickering of their wings, you might fancy that the parents had only made a momentary pause in their flight to pick a "fern-chafer" off the bark. As the birds at all times sit in a line with the bough they are resting on, they are invisible from below. It would be quite useless to swing up on that low limb for a close look at them, for you would not find them. Directly your hand touched it they would shuffle up and away to another larger one. If in bright daylight, out in the open, they are difficult to make out; it would be a very great loss of time and trouble to attempt it in the twilight. The self-preservation tactics of wild creatures are a life-long study to the genuine naturalist.



BY
MAARTEN
MAARTENS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE ALLINGHAM.

It was a great banker. He was a great blackguard. It would not be necessary to say the same thing twice, but that the world is so slow to understand.

In his excuse it must be said that he was a hereditary blackguard. His grandfather had developed that exceptional capacity for depriving other people of their money on a large scale which the world invariably rewards with coronets.

The world, then, approved of him, and of all his family, who were as rich as he was, or richer, and who made as good use of their money as he did, collecting curios, patronising every form of expensive amusement, and giving to the poor.

Everybody liked him, and he liked everybody, and everything. He was an English gentleman, as his father had been before him, and his—no. He had been educated at Eton and Christ Church. He had travelled everywhere, and seen all things worth seeing, and he knew about all things worth knowing about. He had the best collection of armour and old fans in the country, and the best cook, and he would have had the best conservatories but that his brother had better. He was very happy and enjoyed life, being barely forty, and in perfect health. Of mornings he sat in his counting-house, making money without effort, hereditarily; the evenings he spent in society, entertaining princes, peers, priests, painters, poets—pooh!

He had married a lovely woman, his cousin. He adored her. More than once, as he looked across to where she sat at the head of his table, wearing his mother's world-famous diamonds, his mild blue eyes had filled with tears.

He sat watching her thus tenderly on this bitter cold December evening, which they were spending together alone—an unusual thing!—in the boudoir of the great house in Berkeley Square. They had come up to town for a royal function, the opening of a vast home for decayed gentlewomen, which counted Lady Venetia amongst its most important patronesses. They were alone, then, in the exquisite boudoir, one of whose most trifling treasures would have been a year's annuity to a gentlewoman; and he sat considering, contentedly, how, after four years of marriage, she still was as handsome, and he still as fond of her, as when first their disconcerting alliance had been announced to a horde of suitors, male and female.

All through dinner she had been very silent, pre-occupied all through the day. He would have fancied the function had tired her, had she not seemed tired before it began. She sat looking into the fire, fair, delicate, too transparent against the unadorned white silk of her dress. These listless moods were growing upon her: he must make another effort to induce her to consult Sir Henry Parsons: often of late she had seemed like a woman whose thoughts were far away, and very sad.

"What is the matter?" he said, uselessly questioning, restless in his arm-chair.

"Nothing," she answered, motionless.

"But you always say that," he continued, "and I do not believe you. Nobody would. Probably you do not know, yourself. I do wish you would consult—"

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently. He paused. A thick silence sank between them, unruffled but for an occasional crackle from the fire.

Presently he tried, aloud, to alter the current of their thoughts. "You have absolutely no jewels at all to-night," he said. "Nothing but your wedding-ring."

"No," she acquiesced reflectively, and looked down at her hand. "Nothing but my wedding-ring."

"It seems to me you wear them less and less."

"Yes."

"If you are tired of the old ones"—he laughed—"I must try and get you some new."

She did not answer. A moment later, with a swift gesture, she pointed to the evening paper, which had dropped against his feet.

"That is a miserable letter," she said.

"What letter? Dearest, you are ill! Let me—"

"Sit down. I am not ill. That letter in the *St. James's* from a 'Decayed Gentlewoman,' relating how all her savings went in a bogus company."

"What bogus company?"

"I don't know. Does it matter?"

"No. That sort of thing happens daily. It is lamentable. Such people ought to stick to Consols. What does she write to the papers about?"

"Decayed gentlewomen."

"Yes, yes, of course. She is grateful. Very natural. It is an admirable work."

"Grateful!" There was scorn, but there was also deep wretchedness, in Lady Venetia's voice. "She says it is right that the houses should be built by the people who provide occupants for them."

"What on earth does she mean?"

"She means me."

"You? Angela, you are talking in riddles. Does the letter-writer talk in riddles too?"

"Oh, no, she is lucid enough. Her clearness leaves nothing to be desired. Her father, she says, lost almost everything he had, not through speculation, but by unfortunate investments in South American securities, and such-like. Her savings, after twenty years of governess-ship, have all gone in the failure of a bank."

"You said a bogus company."

"Did I? It was a bank."

"What bank?"

"She doesn't say. Does it matter?"

"Of course not."

"Why did you ask?"

"Professional curiosity. But I assure you I do not care."

"Nor do I—much. The South American loans were of course—ours. The ruin of the bank was—ours."

"Ours?"

"The destruction of the whole family," she went on without heeding him—"ours."

"Does she say so?—the liar!"

She rose from her chair, facing him. "Liar? Would to God she was!"

Suddenly he realised that a great sorrow threatened, was already upon him, the first, the supreme disaster of his life. It struck him through the one being he passionately loved. His wife's mind was giving way. She was ill indeed, and though, possibly, Sir Henry—

"Hush!" he exclaimed, with a ring of anxiety in his voice. "Hush, dear, you are too soft-hearted, too readily sympathetic. And you confuse things. The woman's

accusation is outrageous, on the face of it. You and I are in no wise responsible for her imprudent investments. Everybody who has lost money invariably lays the blame to the bankers. You, as a banker's wife and a banker's daughter, should know better than to listen to such trash."

She sank back in her chair, not answering.

"We are rich," he continued, studying to keep his voice free from irritation, "you will have hard work indeed before you silence all detractors."

"Hard work indeed," she said, whiter still.

"Especially if no charge is too idiotic for you to heed it."

Again she looked at him, full in the eyes. "This charge," she said slowly, "this most idiotic of all, I have ceaselessly pondered since, some months ago, I first made it—to myself."

"Had you told me—"

"Would you have helped me to come to my conclusion—?"

"Yes, indeed."

"That it is true."

"Angela!"

"No, not some months ago! It is years since the idea first occurred to me, transitorily: it has come back from time to time, like a cold shadow across the sunshine of my life. I put it from me at first successfully, as an absurdity—as you do—I felt it to be an extravagance, I, a young girl, with all my home and family traditions, my father's authority, your example, the whole world's approving admiration"—she stopped, gasping for breath.

"Well, have these all changed?"

"But last spring the thing returned to me, and remained: it stopped me, standing right across my path, and would not be put aside. I recognised it at once, and I saw that, this time, all evasion was fruitless. I have faced it; I have studied its features—merciful God, I know it by heart!"

"This, then, accounts for your moodiness, your fits of depression! You have been worrying your poor little brains about problems you could not possibly understand!"

"Until I understood them."

"Folly! You assume too much, Angela—"

She rose up before him, superb. "I assume," she said, "to myself the right of continuing to suffer—the right of listening to a voice whose tormentings no effort of mine can still."

He quailed before her, his heart full of fondness, and in tones of entreaty: "Dearest," he said, "let us talk this matter over together. Let me help you. What is it that troubles you? What do you want?"

She threw herself down beside him in a torrent of tears. "Oh, help me!" she cried, "let us help each other!" She caught at one of his hands and kissed it. "We shall want each other's help. Morris, I cannot go on living like this. I cannot, I cannot. The food I eat chokes me. The jewels I wear strangle me. The gold that I seem to tread on burns beneath my feet. Hush, hush; I will be calm. I am quite well, as sane as you are. Do not flatter yourself, I entreat you, that this is any mental or nervous disorder a doctor could cure. I have thought it all out a hundred times, over and over again. Morris, we are thieves, plunderers, brigands. Oh, don't look at me like that! I'm not a Socialist, or a Communist, or a Radical. I haven't dabbled in politics. I know nothing about them, or the Social Question. I don't know what that means. I understand perfectly that there must be rich and poor

always, that there is righteous wealth and honest trading. But not ours—not ours—the Church is right!"

"Ah," he burst out, "I might have thought that some proselytising fanatic—"

She stopped him.

"No," she said, "what have you and I to do with churches? But the other day, by chance, in the midst of my perplexities, I came across this statement, that the Christian Church has, through all the ages, refused to admit the trade in money as a legitimate means of gain. I understand. The Papacy, you have always told me, is very careful as to what is condemned or approves. Have you not always told me that?"

"Yes—but—"

"It has condemned, through all the ages, our banking as dishonest, as a trade that no Christian should follow. What is that to us? you say. True, it is nothing to us. It is but an argument that I clutched at in passing. I don't need it as an argument. My arguments are *here!*" She struck her breast, lying against his knees her hands, and her eyes, one appeal!

"Let me hear them," he said desperately, looking away.

"I know there must be a certain amount of money-lending and changing, credit, and deposit, and bills of exchange, and that sort of thing. Am I not a Rialto as well as yourself? I have been brought up amongst these matters, I know. But not our way!"

He turned on her. "Our way is that of the Rialtos," he exclaimed, "we have never had another way. Am I not one of the partners? What on earth do you mean? You know nothing about it. Nothing at all."

"Yes, our way is the way of the Rialtos," she said. She rose to her feet. "It is that I complain of. Ours is not the decent trade—hardly honourable perhaps, yet scarcely dishonourable either—of the small local banker, the inevitable go-between—we, the great money lords, the monopolists of capital, the manipulators of millions—I don't know whether I'm saying it right."

"Oh, quite right," he said, "go on!"

"You know what we do—oh, you know! Under false names we start companies all the world over, companies that we never expect to pay—or, better still, we ruin the undertakings that others have started, and when they are ruined, we buy them up. They pay then! They pay then!"

"Is that your entire conception of our business?"

"No. Would that it were! 'Never consider any capitalist too small to be worth crushing!' How often have I not heard my father say that at home! You, Morris, you do not say it—"

She paused. "It is a maxim of the house," he replied uncomfortably, "a rule of business, not a personal opinion at all. Finance is war: it is a question of hereditary tactics towards a traditional end. You talk as if a general were an assassin, because he burnt an enemy's town."

"War!" she cried. "No! war has its code of honour, at least it had when kings, and not money-lenders, made it. War? No, ours is brigandage—no, not brigandage—that is open and honest—a risk for a risk. Ours is safe pillage, protected by the laws that have built up Snobbery on self-interest, sure plucking of pigeons and plundering

of bees' nests, by slow force and swift fraud. You yourself remember how you told me, only a fortnight ago, that the head of a business you had smashed had applied for a clerkship in ours."

"We gave it him."

"You gave it him! And his daughter wrote me a letter and told me she would not eat our bread. She had left her father's house and got a situation as a servant."

"She was young. Her father was the wiser of the two."

She drew back from him.

"What would you have?" he cried fiercely, brought

rumours, and political wire-pullings, we must ruin other men that we may step into their shoes. Our trade is the ruining of other men! The ruining of other men—nothing else!"

"It isn't true," he said; "our trade is the fecundation of capital."

"For others?" she laughed. "You very rarely speak to me about the business, Morris, but you gave me to understand once yourself, last winter, that you had paid a South American Minister one million francs to make a false statement in his Parliament, and that you had cleared three millions by the transaction."

"I could cut out my tongue," he said. As he spoke, a domestic, an old butler, came into the room with a tray. Lord Venetia broke out angrily, ordering him to be gone.

"I will ring, Collins," said Lady Venetia gently. She went across and, lifting the drapery, made sure that the door had closed behind the retreating servant. Then she came back to the fire and, almost in a whisper—

"In the South of China," she said, "when those terrible massacres were taking place—we could have stopped them with a word."

He did not answer.

"How much did we make by not stopping them?"

"Angela! Oh, my God, Angela, I love you! I love you so!"

She threw out her arms to him, wide-open, waiting. "Thank God," she cried, "thank God for that! We can bear everything together—can we not? Even the worst."

"Surely," he said, uncertain.

"See! the other day—no, it was this morning—it seems so long ago; it was this morning—as we were going into the 'Homes'—I had stepped back a moment: you had passed on without noticing—a working-man in the crowd said: 'That's Venetia! Don't I wish I was him!'"

"Of course. Did not I tell you so? You are surrounded by an inevitable circle of envy. If you are going to pay attention to it, and to every slander it utters—"

"His companion said: 'Not I. I'd rather be dying of starvation than eat that man's bloodstained bread.'"

"Pah!" he exclaimed, paling.

"It was the companion had the better face. I don't know what more they said."

"Well, it's only Chinese blood!" he cried, maddened, not thinking his own words.

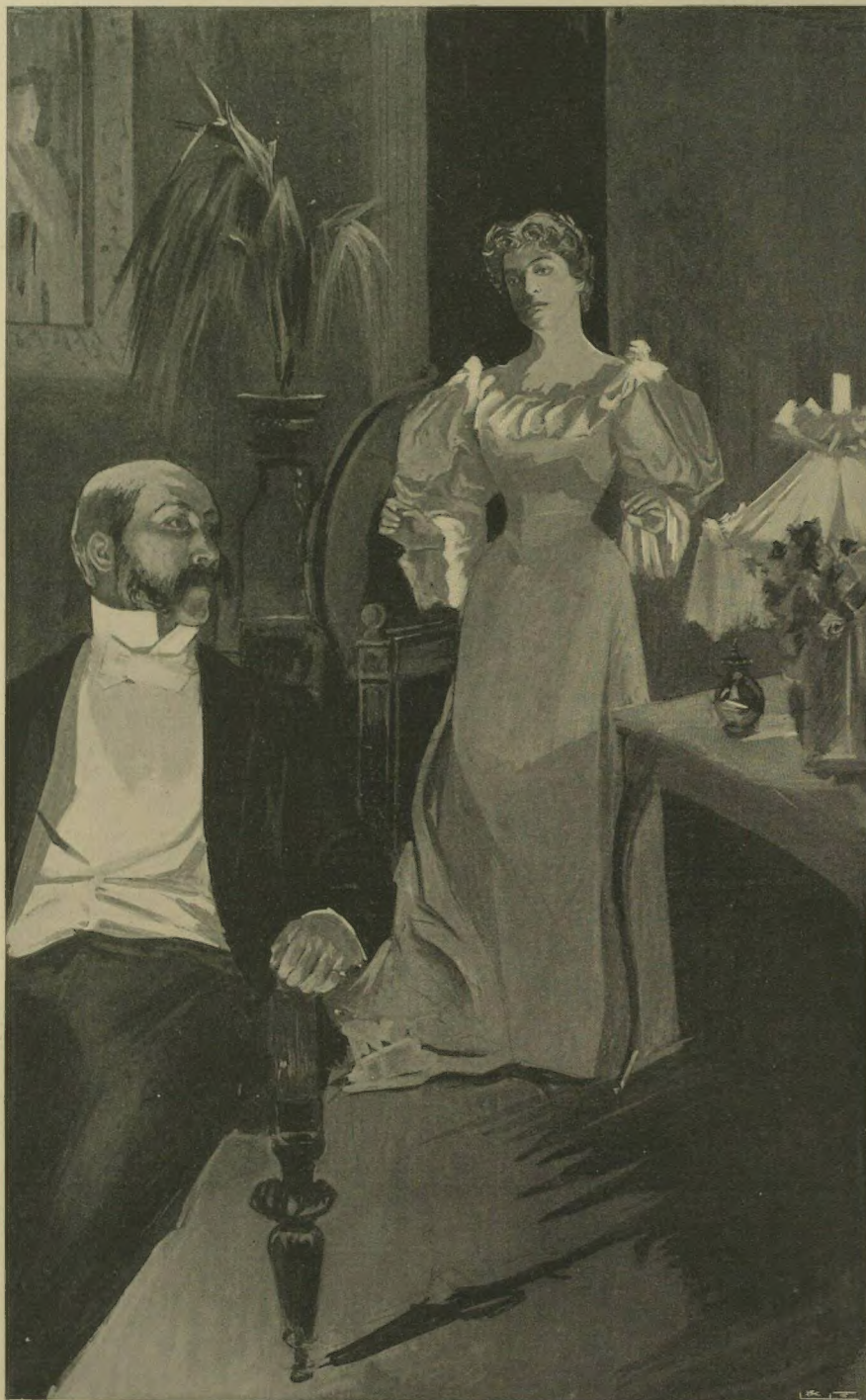
He hardened her immediately. "Even that statement is incorrect," she said coldly. "Our daily bread is daily soaked with blood and tears from every quarter of the globe."

"I wonder you can eat it," he exclaimed.

In a low voice, whose every tone rang clear, she answered: "I cannot." Nothing stirred. A piece of wood rolled forward on the fender with a crash. Then the silence held its breath.

"It is this that is killing me," continued Lady Venetia. "Morris, I can't live by theft any longer. I must eat honest food."

In the pause that followed she shrieked aloud. "Morris, you will go with me! Say you will go with me, my husband! We will escape from this wretchedness and wickedness! We will break away from it together! Morris, I too, I love you—you know it—more than anything else on earth!"



She rose from her chair, facing him. "Liar? Would to God she was!"

to buy. "These things are inevitable, I tell you—they are part of the game. If we talked like this, we should have to stop business altogether. One man can't gain without another man's losing. You can't have the biggest diamond in the world and the Duchess of Sangrail have it too."

She drew still farther away from him.

"No, no," she said wearily, putting her hand to her tired eyes, "one man can gain without another's losing. It isn't the same, I feel it isn't, though I can't explain as I wish I could. An India merchant, for instance, or a cloth manufacturer, or the inventor of a new process—these have a right to their thousands. But we—we, with our millions—our trade is money-getting only—we, to make profits—by libels, and lies of all sorts, and Stock Exchange

"If you love me, Angela—as I know you do—you will listen to me: you will allow yourself to be influenced by reason. You will believe me when I tell you that you cannot understand about these matters. And you will at last consent to see Sir Henry Parsons."

"And take pills," said Lady Venetia scornfully. "There is but one pill would cure me, Morris. I shall never take it, or I should have taken it long ago. I do not know what has brought out all this talk to-night. I am so glad, so glad. There is peace at last, comparatively, in having spoken. The worst is over now? What can the rest matter? You will go away with me somewhere, will you not?"

"Anywhere you like, Angela. We will take the yacht—"

"Away from it all, I mean. We can stay in London, if you prefer, as long as only we get away from it. But some other place would surely be better, outside Europe, where nobody knows us. As long as we get away. I will do anything you like, Morris—anything. I am strong. I can work. I will never complain of any hardship, as long as only we get away."

before God. In time, perhaps, He will pardon us the massacred thousands of China, the wrecked homes here in Europe, in America—the suicides which were murder, the broken hearts— She stopped and, sobbing, covered her face with her hands.

"I will do anything you like," he repeated, "but you must give me time. These things are not done in a day. And first you must recover your normal health. You must go through some course of medical treatment, and if, after that, your resolve remains the same—"

"You would lock me up in an asylum!" she cried.

"No, by Heaven!" and now his voice faltered.

"Angela, have we wandered as far apart as this?"

"I suppose so," she said sadly, putting back the wet hair from her cheeks. "Morris, the explanation has come. Let us at least, in all the misery, be grateful for that. I am going. Now that I have spoken what is in my heart, I could not remain another night under this roof. You would scorn me for doing so. The beds that we lie on—the breakfast they will bring us to-morrow morning—these have been paid for with money that was stolen! Once I have said this, you would despise me for touching them!"

know where. It has all come so suddenly. For weeks I knew it must come, yet I never thought it would. Don't trouble about me, Morris. I shall go right away where nobody knows me. I feel sure I can teach music and singing. I shall wait for you, Morris, and some day you will come out to me, out of the slough of treachery and robbery, with hands that, like mine at this moment, are empty and clean!" She turned and walked with a slow step towards the door.

From under the chair she had deserted her little dog, a King Charles, rushed out and ran after her. She paused to gather it in her arms, and, still fixing one last, long, lingering look on her husband, lingeringly drew away into the distance and, with the dog at her bosom, went forth.

As the door clicked slowly into its lock, Lord Venetia cried out amid the stillness: "The dog!" Then silence deepened upon the empty room. The fire had burnt itself nearly out with sluggish glow: the steady lamps shone dull.

The master of the house sat silent through the silence. He sat immovable, gazing into the dying fire. Then, all at once, he realised that his solitude was broken in upon:



The butler stood before him, fluttered, in great perturbation—"My Lord—his Royal Highness!"

"From what? d—it!"

She drew herself up—before the first oath she had ever heard him utter. "From the money," she said, and stood still.

He laughed.

"We must understand each other," she continued; "I cannot eat it any longer, this bread that is earned by crime."

He laughed again, the tears in his eyes.

"Cake," he said bitterly, "cake."

"I want to do whatever I can," she pleaded, her words falling soft as falling snow. "I will do anything: I repeat it. Anything you wish me to do. But, only, don't expect me to stay among this"—her hand swept round the splendours of the boudoir—"for I can't."

"And how about staying with me?" he said.

She understood, in that moment, the hopelessness of her struggle. "You will come with me," she stammered, tottering, pale to the lips.

"I will go wherever you wish; I will do whatever you like."

"We will go out from here as honest beggars to earn an honest livelihood." He was silent. "My God! you will do right!" she gasped, hoarse with the passion of her yearning. "My husband, my husband! I did wrong to distrust you. You understand now. You had never thought of it before. We will expiate our long crime

"You have touched them long enough," he replied faintly.

"That is a very natural gibe, or, rather from your lips let me learn it a reproof. Hundreds will repeat it as an insult. Long enough indeed! Morris, did I not love you more—more than I ought to, I"—she halted—"I should not have taken so long."

"Love me!" he exclaimed angrily. "That is an insult! Do not dare to speak of love, you, who abandon your husband, your home, your kindred, everything you ought to honour—abandon them, insult them, revile them! Love!"

She held out both her hands. "Come!" she said.

"Will you tell the whole world what you think of us?"

"Come!" she said.

"You know a good deal: are you not one of us—a Rialto? Tell about the Brazilian Finance Minister and about the Chinese Massacres. Faugh, these are trifles!" In his rage and despair he turned upon himself and rent his own bosom. "As you say, I have seldom spoken to you about the business. I could tell you a great deal more—a great deal more—for you to tell the world!"

"Come!" she said.

He threw himself back in his chair, staring at her.

She dropped her arms. "I shall tell nothing," she said, and her voice, still very low, had entirely changed its tone. "I shall go somewhere and hide myself. I don't

that the door gaped wide open, that the butler stood before him, fluttered, in great perturbation—

"My Lord—his Royal Highness!"

Lord Venetia sprang to his feet, and, before the servant's horrified amazement—

"Tell him to go to the devil!" he cried.

THE END.

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THE ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA: THE MOURNING AT GENEVA.



Photo J. Larnaz, Geneva.

CANTONAL AND MUNICIPAL PROCESSION OF SYMPATHY PASSING THE GRAND HOTEL BEAU-RIVAGE.



Photo J. Larnaz, Geneva.

DEPARTURE OF THE BODY FROM THE GRAND HÔTEL BEAU-RIVAGE.

The musical festival at Bergen this summer was not only an event of considerable interest to the musical world at large, but also an event of national importance to the Norwegian people. It is not every day that a small country with only two million inhabitants can hold a six days' musical festival, where only works by native composers are executed—works which have been recognised and performed all over Europe, and which have nearly all been composed within the last twenty-five years. No less than twenty composers were represented at the festival, and nearly half of this number were present, and conducted their own works in person. Of these we publish a memorial group, which should be of interest to all lovers of music. Of the composers represented in this group, Dr. Edvard Grieg is, of course, the best known and most popular in this country, but the works of Johan Svendsen, Christian Sinding, Madame. Backer-Gründahl, and Ole Olsen are also well known to the English concert-going public, while those of Iver Holter, C. Elling, G. Schjelderup, C. Cappelen, and J. Halvorsen have yet to become known to us, although at least one work by the last named has been heard in London.

Sir Nicholas O'Connor has gone to Constantinople. Delicate as the diplomatic situation there nearly always is, the post is one for which Ambassadors have hankering preferences; and Sir Nicholas himself is said to be personally delighted with his transfer from St. Petersburg. Lady O'Connor, who is a niece of the Duke of Norfolk, has a hard task in following Lady Currie at the Embassy; but it is one to which she will address herself with a zeal that commands success; and, though she has no personal fame as an author to vie with "Violet Fane's," she may claim a sort of hereditary literary association as the great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott.

The good-nature of our English royalties in being photographed is one of their well-known family characteristics. One illustrious ruler, now no more, said good-bye to her first youth and the "sun-picture" together. Certainly, no other royal family in Europe has so often "confessed" to the camera, to use a word of Mr. Stevenson's; and has then allowed the confession to go broadcast over the country, which certainly appreciates the confidence. Queen Victoria is one of the few people living to whom the now inevitable camera was once a novelty—the pioneer photographer a man of marvel and mystery. Perhaps the memory of the first camera she ever saw, and

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have their three children with them, and Princess Henry of Battenberg is only one of the many bearers present of the name which she has made so popular in England.

London remains "empty" in the only sense in which the somewhat too sweeping word can ever be applied. Belgravia and Mayfair have still their blinds drawn in three-

quarters of the houses in the best streets and squares; and the departure platforms at railway-stations are even now the scenes of greater bustle than are the platforms of arrival. Some people say that the dead season in London is delightful, but these, perhaps, are mostly people of contented dispositions, who make a virtue of necessity. Lord Rosebery, however, who has certainly a choice of places at command, and has no longer any official ties to town, is an independent and unbiassed witness to the charms of Piccadilly while the frizzled leaves of the Green Park are fast falling. He has spent the best part of the past few weeks in Berkeley Square, and only the other day set out for Dalmeny, his Scottish seat. Perhaps the delights of St. James's Street in the off-season can hardly summon Major Esterhazy as an unbiassed bearer of testimony in their favour; but there were days when Prince Louis Napoleon found the same street attractive

all the year round; and Disraeli made no exception for September when he said that its air was the best in Europe. The general attractions of London, by-the-bye, as a city of residence have an undoubted confirmation from the outsider, seeing that it is the abiding place of American millionaires like Mr. Astor, and of more members of the Rothschild family than can be brought together in Paris or Vienna even.

"A new penalty for gentlemen" is announced from Yorkshire. Five persons of position were summoned before a Bench in Petty Sessions in that county on a charge of having killed game without the necessary preliminary of taking out a license. The offence, it was stated, was due to a mere oversight. This being so, the Bench considerably agreed not to convict, if the defendants would pay something towards a local hospital and bear the costs of the action. The defendants were quite ready to do so, but one of the magistrates entered his protest; for he felt



Ole Olsen. Iver Holter. Madame Backer-Gründahl. Dr. E. Grieg. C. Cappelen. C. Elling. G. Schjelderup. C. Sinding. J. Svendsen. J. Halvorsen.

THE BERGEN MUSICAL FESTIVAL: SOME NORWEGIAN COMPOSERS.

From a Photograph by K. Nyblin, Bergen.

Princess Margaret of Connaught. Duke of York.

Prince Arthur of Connaught.



Duchess of York. Prince Albert of York. H.M. THE QUEEN. Duchess of Connaught. Princess Ena of Battenberg. Princess Arlbert of Anhalt. Princess Victoria of York. Prince Edward of York. Princess Patricia of Connaught. Prince Leopold of Battenberg. Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Prince Maurice of Battenberg.

A ROYAL FAMILY PARTY AT OSBORNE. AUGUST 1898.

From a Photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.

her delight in it as an almost miraculous toy, remains with her Majesty, and helps her now through her familiar fatigues as a sitter. Of this summer's stay at Osborne we give to-day the result of a little announcement which appeared one morning last month in the "Court Circular" that a well-known photographer of Ryde had the honour of taking some photographs of the Queen and the royal family. In the group taken on the lawn, which we reproduce, they are given to the third and fourth generation; for beside the Queen are the Duke and Duchess of York and their children.

that in the case of six poor men (the defendants were five in number) no such easy composition would have been permitted. Finally, however, a subscription of £10 was held to cover the matter. The agent of the Inland Revenue gave formal notice of appeal, remarking at the same time that he did not think the Commissioners would act upon it. Thus the picturesque daily reporter is enabled to announce his "new penalty." But is it, after all, so very new? There are subscriptions equally inevitable and equally penal which are not suggested by a worshipful Bench.

OUR SUCCESS IN THE SOUDAN.

REAR OF GORDON'S PALACE.

THE MAMU'S TOWN.

LEFT OF THE SUDAN'S PORTENTOUS BURNING TOWER.

MAMU'S AND ABIGAIL'S AT WORK.

KHALIPA'S FLAG AND STAFF.

RUSSIAN COAST GUARD IN.



THE QUEEN'S VICTORY GUN AT WORK ON BOARD THE "MAJESTIC."

THE BURNING OF THE SUDAN'S PORTENTOUS BLACK TOWER.

THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN · THE KHALIPA'S ARMY ATTACKING THE SIRDAR'S FORCES AT KERIRI, 6.30 A.M., SEPTEMBER 2, 1898.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers.

THE DISASTER IN THE WEST INDIES.



Photo supplied by Sir Charles Knowles.

GENERAL VIEW OF BARBADOES.



KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT.



NEEDHAM POINT, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES.



ICE-HOUSE HOTEL, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES.



STREET IN CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA.



CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA.



Photo supplied by Sir Charles Knowles.

CASTRIES HARBOUR, ST. LUCIA.



KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT, WITH POST-OFFICE ON RIGHT AND BODEGA ON LEFT.



CARLISLE BAY, BARBADOES.



THE BAY, KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT.



LANDING-STAGE, KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT.

Photos Supplied by Mr. J. Parkinson.



THE CHARGE OF THE 21ST LANCERS AT OMDURMAN, SEPTEMBER 2, 1898.

From a sketch supplied by Lieutenant Angus McNeill, Seaforth Highlanders.



MAKE ROOM FOR MONKEY BRAND!

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

SOAP

FOR KITCHEN TABLES AND FLOORS, LINOLEUM AND OILCLOTHS.

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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

There will be plenty of latitude in the making of autumn bodices. The tail-coat is undoubtedly the newest, but, like the Princess dress, it requires a slim and graceful figure to wear it to the best advantage. A style which is very useful to the less favoured multitude, and which I find is being made by good tailors, is the modified pinafore fashion, which is very slightly pouched, and only at the exact front, above a narrow belt, and turned back with revers decorated in some way about the shoulders to show a small velvet vest and throat-band, which can be changed as often as liked, provided it is set upon a separate piece of lining, so that the pinafore hooks on to it. By these simple means a dress of some plain colour can be worn with four or five different vests, and waist-belt to match. For instance, an unobtrusive brown face-cloth can be combined with golden brown, or bright orange, or green, or turquoise blue, or a violet inclining to puce, or a pink. Any one of these colours in tiny velvet vest and throatlet may be worn, to light up a darker brown pinafore dress.

If you do not elect to have a long coat, let it be quite a short one, fitting firmly into the back and sides, with the basque well curved over the hips. Some of these new little coats are cut into several wide scallops round the basque's edges, and piped round. Beads as well as braid are used for trimmings on tailor-made dresses. For instance, a rich blue covert cloth, made with a tight-fitting coat-bodice, hooking straight down the front, is braided in a pretty graduated shape from the waist to the shoulder, with very narrow black and silver braid in a leaf-like design, intermixed with iridescent blue and silver beads forming branches and centres to the leaves. A daring novelty which every good ladies' tailor is showing is a short coat of bright scarlet cloth, exactly the colour of a man's hunting-pink, for wear by young ladies. These will not be seen on well-bred women in London streets, but have quite "caught on" for wear at country functions.

I have never been able to understand why pheasants

and partridges were not as much entitled to sympathy when their lives are taken away as birds-of-paradise or osprey, but the complacent acceptance by the professedly humanitarian party of "battues" and "drives" is combined with an outcry on behalf of the more ornamental birds, killed only for decorative purposes, which has at last produced an impression upon the feather manufacturers. The newest fashion in feathers is a combination of the plumage of the pheasant's breast and the handsome tail of the burn-door rooster. Fur is to be much used as trimming on autumn hats, especially chinchilla. Both hats and bonnets are developing very aggressive shapes. A rampant point on the left side, and equally startling points standing out behind the ears, with high turned-back fronts, and feathers sticking wildly to right and left, are frequent characteristics of the new models.

Very smart and up-to-date is the velvet coat illustrated. It is made in the new shape, longer behind than in front, and sets out at the base with a godet flounce. It is turned out with white corded silk, and braided in white and silver. The other illustration shows a light cloth gown with a velvet vest and front of skirt; the tunic is trimmed with an appliqué of white cloth, outlined with black. The light felt hat is decorated with white wings and black and white spotted velvet.

The late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, like her namesake of England, was sensitive about her personal appearance, and regretted the ravages of time to more than the

ordinary degree. Her passion for violent riding and long, very quick walks was connected with her great dread of becoming stout. She had brought on her recent ill-health by the rigidity with which she dieted herself in order to avoid adding to her weight. Although she was rather tall, she made a point of weighing less than seven stone, and would practically starve herself for some time if she turned the scale of the weighing-machine that always stood in her bed-room at anything beyond that figure. This in her case had produced the anæmia that was the direct cause of the disorder of the heart for which she had lately been treated. The warning should be taken to heart; while exercise and judicious care in diet can do a great deal towards keeping down superfluous flesh, the starving treatment is very dangerous, and any sort of dieting should only be undertaken with medical supervision, not only in the first place, but throughout its course.

The unfortunate Empress, like Queen Elizabeth, forbade her portrait to be taken when she had passed her bloom. Tradition says that Elizabeth, for many years before her death, refused to look in a mirror; but she had the responsibilities of a Queen Regnant, and could not seclude herself as she aged from the eyes of her courtiers as the modern monarch did. It is a curious example of the irony of fate that the most hideous portrait ever produced of Queen

The neighbouring gentry bought some of the coins; but when all local demand had been supplied, there were no buyers in those pre-railway days to send to purchase from afar, and the ancient coins were by common consent allowed to pass in the village as *farthings*. The images on them were those of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina, and White says that the wicked Empress's face was very delicate and beautiful.

There has been a good deal of nonsense talked about the Queen not having sent the young Queen of Holland the Order of the Garter. In the first place, it is by no means usual for a young sovereign ascending the throne of a very small country to be immediately given the Garter as a matter of course. On the contrary, the gift of the Order is a high compliment which has usually been paid in connection with some special circumstance. In the second place, if, or when, the Garter is given to the young Queen of Holland, it will not be, as stated, a departure from precedent, inasmuch as the Garter was conferred on several lady members in its early days. Indeed, when the Queen came to the throne, it had been forgotten where Queen Anne used to wear the badge of the Order, and information was sought from the tomb of one of the early lady knights, which is still to be seen in a state of perfect preservation at Ewelme, Oxfordshire, with the Garter bound round the left arm above the elbow.

It is centuries since any woman other than the Queen Regnant was made a Knight of the Garter. For a considerable time the Legion of Honour in France ceased to be given to women, although its founder conferred it in several cases upon women in the field; but as a long interval then elapsed, it was refused to Rosa Bonheur when she received the Grand Prix for her picture "The Horse Fair," which was always understood, in the case of men, to carry with it a right to the Cross. It was the Empress Eugénie who ultimately, several years after Rosa Bonheur had thus become entitled to wear the Cross, secured it for her by the simple but courageous step of giving her own complimentary Cross to the painter. Since then sixty women in all have received the great French national honour, of whom fifty-two are still living.

This order is conferred indiscriminately upon military and civil heroes, but invariably represents some very distinguished service to the nation. The last recipient was a nurse with forty years' record of work in one of the State hospitals.

Sir Robert Finlay has been telling the people of Inverness at a bazaar which Lady Finlay opened on behalf of the local golf club that ladies should encourage their husbands to learn golf because it keeps men in the open air and prevents them from making themselves a nuisance by clinging around the house. Golf has, at any rate, one recommendation which some pastimes lack—of giving a quiet yet adequate form of exercise to middle-aged gentlemen, free from excessive excitement or from over-straining muscular effort—though it is astonishing to see how much of both they can work up! There is a story of General Grant, when staying in Scotland, asking to be shown how golf was played. He was taken by his host to the links. The ball was placed, the club was solemnly wagged over it, and then there was a violent thump on the ground; the turf flew in every direction, but the ball remained where it was. Again and yet again the teacher essayed the lesson, the turf flew, and the player's brow began to perspire, but the ball sat quietly still upon the tee. Whereupon General Grant remarked patiently, "There seems to be a fair amount of exercise in the game, but I do not understand the use of the ball." Golf is an excellent game for ladies, and there are some whose skill is such that they might fairly compete with men.—FLORENA.



GOWN OF LIGHT CLOTH, WITH VELVET VEST AND FRONT.

SMART AND UP-TO-DATE VELVET COAT.

Elizabeth is one of the few that may now be seen in the National Portrait Gallery, notwithstanding that she ordered the absolute destruction of every reproduction of it. It appears in the form of a coin, showing her very aged and perfectly hideous, with a "nut-cracker" nose and chin, hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes. The only example known of the coin, I believe, is the specimen now on show in that most prominent position. The Empress Elizabeth was under no obligation to appear on ordinary coins, and on the few medals and orders in which she appears in company with the Emperor, a youthful portrait is always to be seen. Growing old is hard to all of us, no doubt, but to the beauty it is a terrible tragedy.

There is no memorial of the features of a sovereign so lasting as a coin or medal. In Gilbert White's writings there is a tale that, it seems to me, has a romantic note of how the effigy in this form of the most beautiful and licentious of the Roman Empresses, Faustina, bought British children's sweets sixteen hundred years after her death. White (of Selborne) says that in 1740 there was a great drought in Britain, and again in the succeeding year, inasmuch that a pond in his locality ran quite dry for the first time in memory. But it had been low before, and there was a village tradition that on such occasions coins had sometimes been found round the edge. Certain enterprising villagers accordingly dug up the mud, and found an immense quantity of Roman copper coins; they were not in any vessel, but scattered, as if flung broadcast by some long-dead wild hands, all over the pond's bottom.

'No Voice however feeble lifted up for Truth Ever Dies.'—Whittier.

HUMAN NOBLENES!

'Every Noble Crown is, and on earth will for ever be, A CROWN OF THORNS.'—T. Carlyle.



PLATO meditating on Immortality before SOCRATES, the BUTTERFLY, SKULL, and POPPY about 400 B.C.

courtesies of war—he spares the woman and the child; but Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and BODY—which exists in England year after year.'—Kingsley.

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'HEALTH is the GREATEST of all POSSESSIONS; and 'tis a maxim with me that a HALE COBBLER is a BETTER MAN than a SICK KING.'—Bickerstaff.

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WAR!

O world! O men!

What are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay as if death had but this one gate?—Byron.

'In Life's Play the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to Our Cost that he never overlooks a mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—Huxley.

DESTINY, or to Live for this Day ONLY.

THE COST OF WAR.—'GIVE ME THE MONEY that has been SPENT in WAR and I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT of LAND upon the Globe; I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD in an attire of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud; I WILL BUILD a SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY HILL-SIDE and in every valley over the whole earth; I WILL BUILD an ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN, and endow it, a college in every state, and will fill it with able professors; I WILL CROWN every hill with a PLACE OF WORSHIP consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL OF PEACE; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the VOICE OF PRAYER and the SONG OF PRAISE should ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST to HEAVEN.'—Richard.

Why All this Toil and Strife? There is Room enough for All.

WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES

MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR WAR?

'I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—**OUTRAGED NATURE!!!** SHE KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN, THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER. . . . Man has his



STAFFORD.—Tailor-made Reefer Jacket, with high storm-collar, in good Black Cheviot Cloth, well cut and finished. Unlined, 25/6. Lined Silk, 37/6. The same shape in all shades of warm Beaver Cloth, unlined, 33/6. Lined Silk, 45/6.

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UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1897) of Mr. Henry Mason, of Bankfield, Cottingham, Bingley, Yorkshire, worsted spinner and manufacturer, who died on June 11, was proved on Aug. 18 at the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Jane Mason, the widow, Henry Johnson Mason, the son, John James Swift, Henry Fison Killick, and Sidney Smith, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £436,894, and the net personal £417,857. The testator gives £1000, the use, for life, of Bankfield, with the furniture and effects therein, and an annuity of £4000 while she remains his widow, or £2000 per annum in the event of her remarriage, to his wife; £500 to Agnes Evelyn Sladen; 100 guineas to Herbert Spencer; £3000 to his nephew John Edward Mason; £2000 each to his nephews, Charles Houseman Mason and George Henry Mason; £3000, upon trust, for his niece, Elizabeth Dorothea Schofield; £500 to John James Swift; and £250 each to Henry Fison Killick and Sidney Smith. On the death of Mrs. Mason, £30,000 is to be held, upon trust, for his son and children, and £10,000 is to go as she shall by will or codicil direct. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1879), with two codicils (dated June 18, 1883, and June 8, 1887), of Mr. John Baldwin, of Broomfield, Shireoak, Halifax, worsted manufacturer, who died on July 15, was proved on Sept. 1 by William Baldwin and James Baldwin, the brothers, John Herbert Lacy Baldwin, the son, and Thomas Henry Rushworth, the executors, the value of the estate being £172,202. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his brother James and T. H. Rushworth, and subject thereto he leaves all his real and personal estate between his children.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1891), with two codicils (dated Aug. 14, 1891, and Dec. 7, 1892), of the Hon. Henry Lewis Noel, J.P., of 17, Westbourne Terrace, Bayswater, who died on June 7, was proved on Sept. 13 by Captain Gerard Thomas Noel, the son, and Herbert Robinson Arbuthnot, the executors, the value of the estate being £27,359. The testator bequeaths his house, with the furniture and household effects, all his money on deposit or current account at Coutts and Co., £2000 Gas Light and Coke Company shares, £8000 Gas, Water, and General Trust shares, two £1000 debentures, and 166 shares of £20 each of the Harney Peck Tin-Mining Company to his son, Gerard Thomas Noel; £2000 Gas Light and Coke Company shares, £1400 Gas, Water, and General Trust shares, and seventeen shares in the South Lambeth Water Company to his daughter Emily Frances; £1000 in the Cape of Good Hope Gas Company; £500 Brentford Gas Company shares, and 166 shares of the Harney Peck Mining Company to his daughter Gertrude Arabella; £1000 debenture bond, and 166 shares in the Harney Peck Mining Company, upon trust, for his daughter Evelyn Mary; £3400 Gas Light and Coke Company shares, two £1000 debentures, and 166 shares in the Harney Peck Mining Company to his son Hugh Myddleton; £20,000 Baltimore, Ohio, and South-Western Stock, two £1000

debentures and 166 shares in the Harney Peck Mining Company to his son Henry Hamlyn, and specific gifts to his children. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter Amelia Frances.

The will (dated April 19, 1898), with a codicil (dated April 25, 1898), of Mr. Henry George Barwell, of Surrey Street, Norwich, hon. secretary of the Norwich School of Art, who died on July 9, was proved on Sept. 1 by Miss Louisa Mary Barwell, the sister, Louis John Tillett, and Bertram Philip Paris Barwell, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £23,424. The testator bequeaths £300 each to his niece, Frances Ethel Barwell, and his nephews, Harold Shuttleworth Barwell and Noel Frederic Barwell; fifteen shares in the Norwich Masonic Association each to his nephews Bertram P. P. Barwell and John Edric Barwell, and his household furniture and effects and other shares in public companies to his sister, Louisa Mary. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fourth to his brother John and his nine children, one fourth to his brother Richard and his four children, another fourth to his brother Frederic Bacon and his five children, and the remaining one fourth to his said sister.

The will (dated April 30, 1891), with ten codicils (dated Dec. 31, 1891; Nov. 14, 1892; Dec. 3, 1893; Jan. 20, April 24, and Sept. 22, 1894; Jan. 11, and two of April 18, 1895; and Nov. 2, 1896), of Mr. Christopher Richardson, J.P., of Lincoln's Inn, and Field House, Whitby, Yorkshire, who died on July 17, was proved on Sept. 12 by Horace Edward Golding and Ernest Mathews, the executors, the value of the estate being £19,850. The testator bequeaths £3000 each to his nephews Christopher and John Richardson; £30 to the Whitby Soup-Kitchen; £1000, upon trust, to the Vicar of Sleights Church, Ekedalside, for a stained-glass window in memory of his wife, and any balance over for the restoration of that church; and legacies to friends, executors, and servants. He devises Field House to his nephew Christopher, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his nephews, Christopher and John, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1893), with two codicils (dated Oct. 11, 1893, and Oct. 8, 1897), of Mr. James William Chalmers, of the War Office and 66, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, who died on July 22, has been proved by Henry George Archibald Rouse and Francis James Rouse, the nephews and executors, the value of the estate being £10,669. The testator gives his share in the freehold premises, 25, Abingdon Street, £1670 Madras Railway stock, and £2638 Natal stock to his nephew Henry G. A. Rouse, and his leasehold house on Barnes Common to his nephew Francis J. Rouse. The residue of his property he leaves between his two nephews.

The will (dated May 16, 1894), with a codicil (dated Sept. 22, 1894), of Lieutenant-General Edward Arthur Williams, C.B., of Eastcombe House, Blackheath, who died on June 20, has been proved by Lieutenant-General

Henry Francis Williams, the brother, and Mrs. Jessie Sarah Eliza Williams, the widow, the executors, the value of the estate being £10,197. The testator gives £250 to his wife, and leaves the residue of his property to his children in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Stirling, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Aug. 13, 1883), with a codicil (dated April 1, 1885), of Colonel Thomas Philip Graham, Scots Guards, of Airth, Stirling, who died at Florence on April 26, granted to Lieutenant-General Sir James Clerk Rathay, K.C.B., Albert Butler, and John Wharton Tod, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 29, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £9490.

The will of Mr. Charles Francis Montrésor, of Stonely Grange, Kimbolton, Huntingdon, who died on July 6, was proved on Sept. 3 by Mortimer Rooke and Henry Lunley Webb, the executors, the value of the estate being £3612.

The will of Major John Jocelyn Ffoulkes, D.L., J.P., of Eriviatt, Denbigh, who died on June 17, was proved on Sept. 8 by Miss Cecilia Mary Ffoulkes, the daughter, and the Rev. Piers John Benedict Ffoulkes, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £4007.

MUSIC.

The finances of musical festivals are always something of a mystery. It is difficult to know why, that is, festivals should be persisted in for the sake of charity when the result is so often a deficit. The report, however, of the Gloucester Festival, though there may be the easiest explanation in the world, seems altogether bailing to the ordinary arithmetical mind. It has been reported, then, at a meeting of the stewards that the financial result of the Gloucester Festival was the most successful for twenty-five years. The receipts, it appears, were £3660, and the expenditure £3750, showing thus a deficit of £90. The Clergy Charity, it is added, will receive £1600. One naturally asks where the £1600 comes from. If from the expenditure, why should it not have been reduced to £1510, thus making both ends meet? And if not, one repeats the question, where did it come from?

Mr. Robert Newman is vigilant with the reawakening of the musical season, and his Sunday concerts, both afternoon and evening, have now been resumed. The announcements made of last Sunday's concert included, for the afternoon, the performance of Tschaiakowsky's "Pathetic Symphony," which is surely now becoming a trifle too familiar even for Londoners, who certainly stick to a thing once they make up their minds about it. The usual drawback is that it takes them so long to make up their minds. A curious instance of the same odd quality was exemplified in the companion announcement that Mr. Sims Reeves would sing on the same afternoon at the Queen's Hall. That is sticking to a thing, once you have made your mind up about it, with a vengeance.

The first of the Sunday evening concerts consisted of

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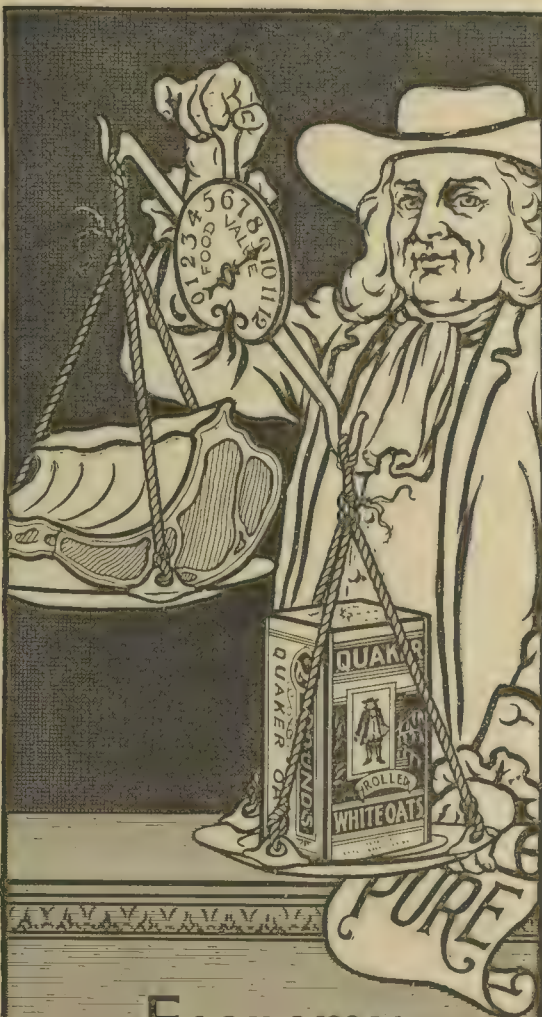
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the "Messiah," with such supporters as Miss Ella Russell, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Van Hooso, and Mr. John Walters, assisted by the excellent Queen's Hall choir and orchestra. Perhaps the "Messiah" as an opening selection strikes one as being a trifle dull; but as that is a work upon which Englishmen have very much made up their minds, Mr. Robert Newman was, doubtless, quite right in selecting the whole of his first Sunday's programme according to a well-found and well-tested principle. Mr. Newman thoroughly knows his public.

A critic has censured the Dean of Gloucester, who was temerarious enough to discourse before a body of musicians in his cathedral, for having made the remark that "with the eighteenth century there came Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Bach." "Even Deans," wrote this very superior person, "do not always say what they mean, and so the listening multitude went blithely away, convinced that Bach and Beethoven were contemporaries." Now the Dean did not say "with the beginning of the eighteenth century," which would have carried that conclusion, but "with the eighteenth century." Would it be permissible to conclude that Shelley and Stevenson were contemporaries because one said that the work of both came with the nineteenth century? It is best, after all, to avoid inaccurate fault-finding, even with Deans.

It is to me incomprehensible (writes a correspondent from Cologne, apropos of a Berlioz performance there) that the great music-dramas of Berlioz are permitted to go among the fates of oblivion and negligence. We are told that the master's work is most difficult, and that his orchestra is built upon too stupendous a scale. Some critics, indeed, who speak not as they know, but as they think they know, very knowingly throw a subtle epithet here and there to account for the neglect in the making of which they are themselves concerned. Berlioz is "dry"; without his orchestra his melody is "commonplace," and all the rest of it. Words, words, words! give no performances of Wagner, and anybody could find you a reason why no performances should be given. It had been previously announced, as I have before said in this place, that there would be an opportunity in Karlsruhe this year of hearing some of Berlioz's works; but that will not be till next month.

Judge my surprise (the same correspondent continues) when on my arrival at Cologne, which does not boast of an opera-house of any fame, which has only one reasonable theatre—itsself being too small for the needs of the people of that town—I found that on this particular night the second part of Berlioz's "The Trojans" was to be

played at the Stadt Theater. The hour was late, but hesitation was out of the question, and I was in time for four acts out of the five. The theatre was nearly full, and the audience exceedingly quiet—that is, in the right Wagnerian way of not applauding (or applauding as little as possible) before the close of an act. The mounting was sufficient; it was without any pretension to the elaborate swiftness and beauty of Munich, but it never fell below a certain dignity; it was always, let me say, about three times as good as the Covent Garden staging.

The most successful element in the whole business, and most successful that was, was the exceedingly fine orchestra, which was constructed, I should say, exactly according to the directions of the musician. In any case, it was very large, and the playing was extremely good. The conductor seemed to me a man of considerable ability, taste, and refinement, and the quality of the instruments was a good deal above the customary German average. The beauty of the opera was so patent, and was revealed so obviously by this means—for the singing was not first-rate, save in the case of the chief tenor, who took the part of Hector—that it is no wonder if a critic here and there asks why the world has decided to lay these noble scores on the shelf, and why London is for ever barred from the hearing of them. Next year we return to our Donizetti, our early Verdi, and all the rest of the tale; it seems that there is no room for Berlioz in that crush.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In the game of love, one of the partners as a rule plays with sterling coin, the other with counters not always redeemable at par. In the majority of royal love-matches—and in this instance I am exclusively referring to the unions of reigning sovereigns and their heirs-apparent—there is seldom such a pretence on either side: the alliance is contracted on the very broad bases of expediency. This does not prevent the Court chronicler and his more or less fashionable imitator from assuring their readers that "this time the bond is one of sincere and reciprocated affection," etc., and sentimental spinsters, young and old, experience a flutter of delightful emotion at the thought that fairy-tales with Prince Charming as the hero are not entirely confined to the domain of romance.

The early 'fifties saw two genuine versions of that fairy-tale enacted in real life. The heroines were perhaps the

two most beautiful women in Europe. At the beginning of 1853, a man who five years before that period was considered by all the Courts of Europe a mere adventurer led, amidst almost phenomenal pomp and splendour, to the altar his bride, whose wildest dreams of ambition, backed up though they were said to be by the prediction of a gipsy, could not have pictured for her such an exalted position. As the reader has already guessed, I am alluding to Napoleon III. and Mdle. Eugénie de Montijo.

One year later a similar scene of gorgeous ceremonial was enacted in Vienna; the principal actors in it were, however, not parvenus among the royal families of Europe. I am only repeating the words of Napoleon III. himself. Francis Joseph of Hapsburg and his cousin Elizabeth of Berkenfeld Deux-Ponts of Bavaria had a line of ancestors behind them who had ruled in Germany and the Netherlands centuries before the name of the obscure lawyer of Corsica, in the person of his marvellous son, sprang upon a wondering world, although the genealogy of the Bonapartes was by no means a plebeian one.

In the union with which I am more immediately concerned here, the beauty of the bride had also been an unforeseen factor. It has been alleged, and with sufficient foundation, I believe, for me to repeat it, that the then young Emperor of Austria was practically, if not nominally, pledged to another Princess when he met his lovely cousin at Ischl in the autumn of 1854. The effect she produced upon him was instantaneous, and during the ball given in celebration of his birthday by his mother, Archduchess Sophie, the same lovable and worthy woman who soothed the last days of the great Napoleon's son, he, Francis Joseph, asked the "Rose of Bavaria," as Princess Elizabeth was called, to be his wife. The proposal was made without the intermediary of Ambassadors or special envoys deputed to ascertain whether the request would be entertained. The scene was absolutely spontaneous, much more spontaneous than the love-scenes that flutter the hearts of our maidens and matrons at the theatre, for it had not been rehearsed in any way.

The young couple had been dancing together the greater part of the evening, when between two waltzes they repaired to a table on which lay an album representing the different populations of the vast territory ruled by Francis Joseph, and dressed in their national garb. "These are my subjects," said the young Emperor; "if

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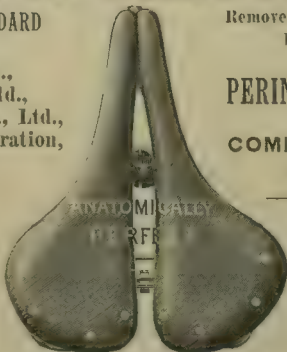
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This is, briefly outlined, the novel plan of sale under which the *Times* offers its reprint of the 9th Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

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One of the most acute among contemporary critics defined very neatly, the other day, the two distinct joys which come from the possession of books. The man who has a stray shelfful of the standard authors may taste the pleasure of "browsing among books"; but the man who has an all-round library "holds the keys to all knowledge, and can always ascertain any necessary fact." There is a vast difference between these two facilities; and he who can exercise the larger power finds infinitely the greater richness in the exercise of the lesser privilege. He saunters when it pleases him to saunter, but he has the developed shille of the athlete in reserve. He knows that the whole world of knowledge is open to him, and that he may take the freshest path that tempts his fancy, certain that he will not be lost in the forest. To this larger lover of books the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is at once an incentive and a gratification. The sense of power which is to be derived from the possession of a comprehensive library is in itself a joy quite apart from the pleasures of daily reading. "A man who owns a delightful house in the country is the happier for owning it, even when he has to be panned up in town. There is refreshment and enlargement in the mere thought of the grass and the trees which are growing for him while he is absent. The view from his dining-room window adds something to the fullness of every hour of his life, although his eyes may not be bent upon it for an aggregate of more than a few hours in the year. And just as the love of a beautiful country home appeals to a man's most intimate emotions, so the possession of a good comprehensive library appeals to his keenest intellectual perceptions. He may not hold a book in his hand for more than ten minutes a day, but all the hours in the day are the richer to him because the books stand at his disposal on the shelves.

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The Prices, Past and Present.

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As soon as a book has made a reputation a cheap edition is demanded. The old-fashioned method of reducing the price was to decrease the cost of manufacture; to produce, in short, a poor imitation of the original work. There was no cheating about the process. The people who bought that sort of a cheap edition knew what to expect; they did not hope to get a handsome and durable book; they contented themselves as best they could—they travelled along the road to knowledge as third-class passengers, because they could not afford to pay first-class fare.

Last year the *Times* newspaper made the experiment of issuing the "Times Atlas," a work which was eagerly purchased by people who had wanted a good atlas, but who had not been willing to pay the high price demanded by the old-fashioned atlas publishers. The proprietors of the *Times* then determined to undertake an enterprise on a larger scale, and they entered into negotiations with Messrs. A. and C. Black, the publishers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." A cheap imitation of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" was not at all the end in view, and yet it was not easy to see how the price could be materially reduced without making an inferior article. Enlarging, however, upon the plan pursued in issuing the "Times Atlas," the *Times* found it possible to do away with one very large item of expense. In the ordinary way when a man pays £37 for a book he really only gives the publisher £20 or £25, and he spends £10 or £15 in hiring a man to persuade him to buy. The retail bookseller gets a book either from the publishers or from a wholesale dealer, who must add his profit to the cost; then the bookseller puts the book in his shop, and perhaps keeps it there for a year before it is sold. He has his rent to pay, he has the expense of running his shop, he has to give long credit to many of his customers, and he runs the risk that the book will be injured and soiled while it lies on his counter. In view of all these circumstances, it is only fair that he should make a handsome profit on the sale of the book; and, indeed, if a man who loves books has plenty of money to spend, he gets a great deal of pleasure in exchange for the profit he pays to the bookseller. He enjoys going into a handsome shop, looking at all the new books, hearing what the bookseller has to say about them, and making his choice at leisure. When he pays the bookseller £37 for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" he is not only travelling as a first-class passenger, but he has the further satisfaction of being shown into his railway carriage by an obliging and intelligent guard, who sees that his luggage is properly stowed away under the seat, and that he has a foot-warmer in the carriage. Nowadays, however, people begin to care less about this sort of fuss, and they are quite willing to open the carriage-door for themselves if they can save money by doing so. It is this, and more, which the *Times* now enables them to do, for they may travel first-class at third-class fare. If you will take the trouble to cut out and fill in the order-form which is to be found on this page, and will send it to the office of the *Times* in Printing House Square, accompanied by a cheque for £16, the complete twenty-five volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in cloth binding will at once be sent to you; in every respect the identical work for which the publisher's price was £37. In other words, by opening the door of the first-class compartment for yourself instead of having the guard open it for you, you save £21, a direct gain of over fifty-five per cent.

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you like to make them yours, we'll add one more to them—myself." More than forty-four years have gone by since then, and the most cruelly tried crowned head of Europe, who is nearly a septuagenarian, has still sufficient of virile attractiveness left to enable one to judge what he must have been. "There is no ugly Duchess to a bourgeois," remarked Louis Bonaparte once when Queen Hortense expressed her surprise at a handsome youngster of the middle-classes being most attentive to a very plain dowager. We may add: "There is no ugly Emperor to a young but comparatively dowdier Princess." But had Francis Joseph been as ugly as Curran or Wilkes, the way he confessed his affection would have been amply sufficient to atone for lack of beauty on his part. So the two cousins became man and wife.

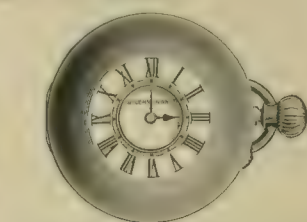
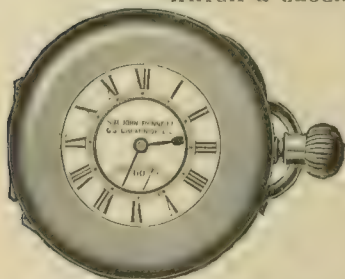
Unlike the Empress Eugénie, the Empress Elizabeth never aspired to play a political rôle by the side of her husband, either in home or foreign politics. Whatever may have been her original ambition in that respect, she quickly abandoned it, discouraged and perhaps disgusted at the

fast-increasing and often too blatant demagogism of some of the artisan suburbs of Vienna. The latter were unquestionably the losers by the Empress's decision, for, aristocratic as she was from head to foot, she was an aristocrat in the highest sense of the term, and would have been literally the Lady Bountiful to the poor. As it was, she did not altogether relinquish the part, but played it practically behind the scenes. The Viennese saw little or nothing of her. She took to travel, while the distribution of largesse was left to deputies. To this voluntary exile on her part we have no hesitation in attributing her tragic death. Constant wandering bred a desire for solitude, and, above all, a dislike for being surrounded by faithful watchers, who in this democratic age of ours have displaced the divinity that was formerly supposed to hedge around kings. Had she been better protected, she would not have fallen a victim to the assassin's knife; but no blame is due in this instance to those whose mission it was to protect her. They could only obey orders, and her orders throughout were to leave her to take care of herself.

EXHIBITION OF WOMEN'S WORK AT THE HAGUE.

An interesting adjunct to the ceremonies inaugurating Queen Wilhelmina was an "Exhibition of Dutch Women's Work" at the Hague. This was a unique undertaking, and had to be carried out with great energy and enterprise by the Dutch ladies. At Chicago, for the first time, there was not only a Woman's Building, but it was also arranged that every exhibit shown all over the Fair, which was in part produced by the work of women, should have attached to it a label stating in what percentage female labour had been employed. The statistics thus obtained have since been tabulated and issued in a Government Report, but were not available at the time the Fair was being held. The Dutch women have improved upon this by getting their statistics ready beforehand and exhibiting a chart with coloured figures, showing both the work done by women in various ways and the remuneration obtained. Domestic service, as elsewhere, affords the largest field of occupation for wage-earning women, 160,000 being the number given under this head; dairy-farming occupies also a large number,

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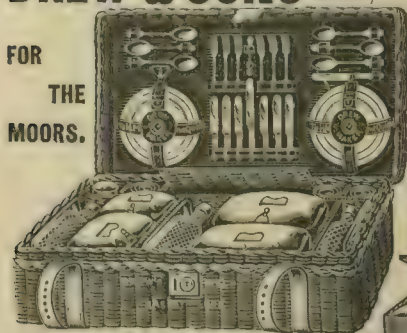
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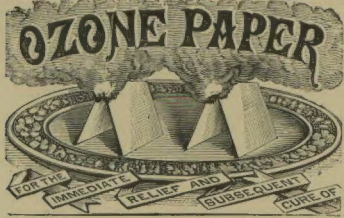
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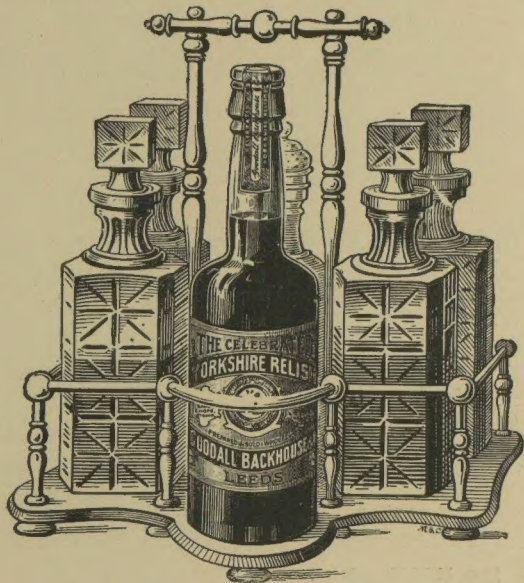
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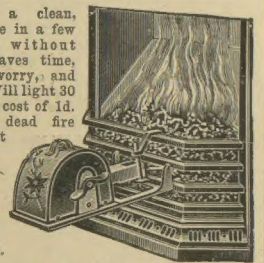
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and there are nearly 70,000 engaged in factories. An exceptional proportion of women seem to be employed as dispensers and apothecaries' assistants. In 1865 the first woman endeavoured to enter upon that occupation, and was refused admission to the necessary instruction. The following year, however, the education for that calling was opened, and there are now, according to the table, 410 women engaged as dispensers. The first woman physician, Dr. Aloa Jacobs, the daughter of a doctor, began her education in 1871, at the age of seventeen, and passing all her examinations brilliantly at the University of Groningen, has been followed by eleven others. There are very few high schools for girls in Holland, the

Government giving assistance to boys and not to girls in secondary education, hence there are only 116 high-school teachers. The wages in every occupation appear to be very low, and the fact is brought home by the exhibition of the actual articles made, with a note of the exact price paid for the work on them affixed. Garments such as pinafores are stated to be completely made for less than one-halfpenny!

On the morning of Sept. 17 a disastrous fire broke out in Messrs. Aspinall's Enamel Works, New Cross, S.E., when considerable damage was caused. The result was

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HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
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NOTICE.
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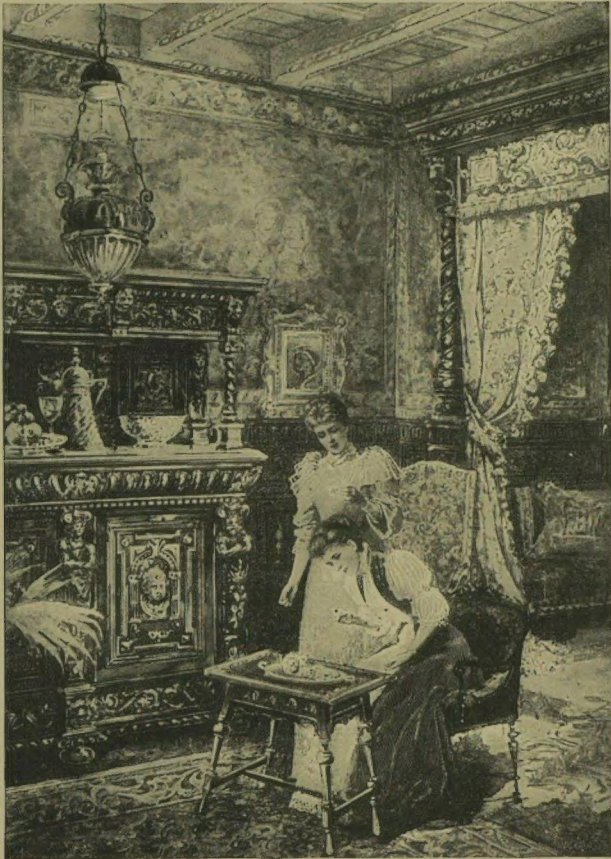
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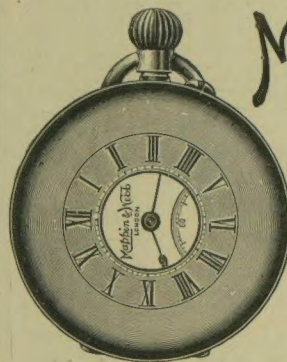
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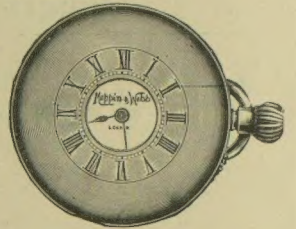


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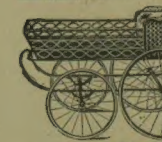
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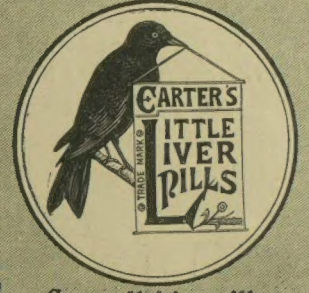
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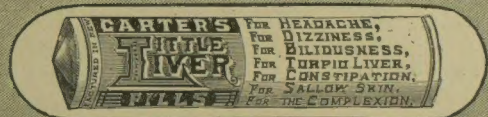
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Cure all Liver ills.

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Wrapper printed blue on white.

**Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion,
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For Itching, Face Spots, Sunburn, Insect Bites, &c.

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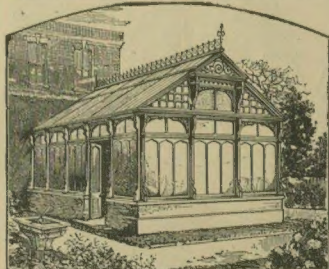
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For Redness, Roughness, Toilet, Nursery, &c.

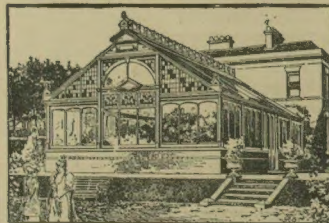
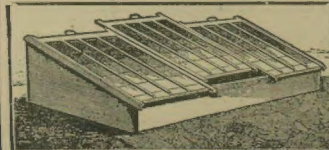
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